Frontier Times

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A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO FRONTIER HISTORY, BORDER TRAGEDY, AND PIONEER ACHIEVEMENT

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Published Monthly at Bandera, Texas, by J. Marvin Hunter

NOTICE!

The inside covers of the first three issues of the original Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES were unused—which affords us a chance to welcome our Charter Subscribers and to explain a few matters of importance about the facsimiles.

One, Western Publications has only *one* complete set of the old FRONTIER TIMES and it is from this set that your facsimile copies are being reproduced. Over the years we have tried to complete a second set (just in case something happened to the first) but so far we have been unsuccessful. We still lack Vol. I, Nos. 1 and 3; Vol. II, Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 6. If any of you have extra copies of these issues and would like to sell or trade them, please let us know. On the other hand, and of possible benefit to you, in trying to complete our second set we have had to purchase many copies we did *not* need in order to get one or two issues that we could use. (Most offers were on an all-or-nothing basis.) We therefore invite any reader who's trying to complete his set of originals to let us know what issues he needs and we'll check to see if we have them among our duplicates. These are not "mint" but are in good condition.

For those of you who are not trying to fill out a collection but would just like to own an original or two, we will fill those orders also, on a first-come, first-served basis. In some cases we have only three or four copies; in others, we might have a dozen or more. Please address any correspondence concerning *original* copies to the attention of Susan Washburn at this office.

The price for a *specific* issue will be $3.00 postpaid; the price for an issue of our own selection (that is, you leave it up to us to send what's available) will be $2.50 postpaid.

Which brings up the second matter of importance: please don't forget that our address is Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. We're afraid that some of you may forget and use the old address at Bandera—and maybe try to write some of the advertisers! The addresses in this magazine you are holding are no longer valid—and unfortunately neither are the prices! You will note the prices Mr. Hunter charged in the beginning. What with our publishing on more expensive paper, mailing in envelopes, and the ungodly increase in costs on *everything*, we wonder if we will come out even as well as he did. Oh, to have those good old 1923 nickels and dimes back again!

The first four issues are 32 pages and cover. After the fourth issue, Mr. Hunter went to 48 pages and cover, so the magazine will be thicker starting with the fifth issue.

Please turn to the inside back cover for instructions about Christmas or other gift subscriptions for your families and friends. We will take these subscriptions as late as December, and all orders will begin with Volume 1, Number 1.

We have received a wonderful response to our reprinting these old issues which truly witnessed the end of an era in our country's history. Nothing in them will be changed or deleted—so once more, just until you have time to get used to it—don't forget that if you need to write us, the correct address is *Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764.*—Joe "Hosstail" Small

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Vol. 1—No. 1 OCTOBER, 1923 $1.50 per Year

Jack Hays, the Famous Texas Ranger

Among the prominent men who made themselves conspicuous by their talents in the days of the Republic of Texas, none were more active or had a more interesting career than Captain Jack Hays. On the western border he fought the enemies of civilization in more than forty engagements when he was protecting San Antonio and Southwest Texas against robbers and savages.

The government records of that period extol his patriotic and heroic services that gave him a national reputation and endeared him to the people of Texas; but his name and exploits are almost forgotten, and his memory is now only revered by a few suvivors of the old pioneers and their immediate descendants. They cannot forget that he once stood upon the frontier as a tower of strength in opposition to the Comanche Indians and Mexican bandits who marauded upon them. They trusted him in the dark days of weakness, danger and peril, and they remember that he always responded with efficient fidelity and a full measure of success.

An excerpt of his romantic and adventurous achievements could not be given in the space allotted to this article, which must be confined to a brief sketch of his life and a few extracts, description of his personal appearance and character.

Colonel Hays was born at Fort Haysboro, in Wilson county, Tennessee, on the 28th of January, 1817. Both of his parents died when he was about ten years of age leaving three children, a brother and sister younger than himself; and the three orphans were reared by his mother's brother, Abner Gage, a planter in Mississippi. He received a common school education and also acquired a knowledge of surveying. At the age of fifteen he was employed by land speculators to locate land in that territory, by which means he accumulated some money. He attended college with a view to perfect himself in civil engineering, but before completing the precribed course, the revolution in Texas was inaugurated, and he responded to the call of Colonel Travis from the Alamo. He arrived on the Brazos about a month after the Battle of San Jacinto, and as his services were not needed in the army, he engaged in surveying land in Austin's colony.

He brought letters of introduction from President Jackson to prominent men in Texas, which he presented, and General Houston advised him to enlist in the ranger service on the western frontier. He joined Deaf Smith's spy company as a private and arrived in San Antonio about the last of December 1836. He participated in the military funeral and honors paid the ashes of the heroes who fell in the Alamo that were observed on the 25th of February, 1837. His first fight was with Mexicans on the Chicon, near Laredo, on the 6th of March, when Captain Smith undertook to hoist the Texas flag over that place, in which the enemy was badly defeated. Soon afterwards when Smith resigned his command he joined Dawson's company; and subsequently he served with distinction under Colonel Karnes. From February, 1838, until 1841, he was a deputy surveyor in Bexar district, and in September of that year he was elected surveyor of Bexar county. He gathered around him a choice body of men who served as helpers and fought with him in many engagements with Comanche Indians and robbers.

He was authorized to raise a company of rangers by President Lamar in 1840, and from that time until May, 1846, he was continually fighting Indians and Mexican bandits. After the massacre of the chiefs in San Antonio, the Northern Comanches established villages on the Frio, Nueces and other streams where they would be accessible to San Antonio and could help their brethren, but Captain Hays attacked their strongholds and drove them back.

When Woll invaded Texas in 1842, Hays foiled his intentions by calling 300 Texans to his assistance and enticed the

enemy from the Alamo to the Salado, where the Mexicans were signally defeated. Woll offered $500 for his head and Hays dogged his footsteps to the Hondo where he charged into the midst of the Mexican army and would have forced them to surrender if he had been supported. He was in chief command in San Antonio, where he enforced martiial law until the Somerville expedition was organized and he accompanied it to the Rio Grande but when it disbanded he returned to San Antonio to resume his command; though he did not leave until he had scouted for the Mier expedition and tried to dissuade the leaders from carrying out that enterprise.

Afterwards, at Waring; at Bandera Pass; at Enchanted Rock; at Sister's Creek, on the Upper Nueces; at Walker's Creek, above Seguin; on the Agua Dulce; at Paint Rock and many other places he punished the Comanches severely for depredating on the settlements. During that time he also watched the Mexican bandits constantly and fought them wherever they could be found. He rarely had more than fifteen men and they never exceeded forty-two, but he was never defeated, though he never fought less than ten, and sometimes forty times, his own number of Indians. His deeds of personal bravery, his endurance of heat, cold and hunger, his fierce encounters and hair breadth escapes on these occasions, if detailed, would fill a volume. His work was well done and he left a trail of blood along the western line of civilization that made his enemies hold him in fearful remembrance.

When the war with Mexico commenced in 1846, Hays was in command of a battalion of rangers and ranked as major. He was authorized to raise a regiment to serve under General Taylor for a term of six months, and his rangers rallied around him to the number of 1,300, under Ben McCulloch, Tom Green and others, who became historical characters. They performed important scouting service before the battle of Monterrey, and were with General Worth when he attacked that place in the rear, where the regiment performed prodigies of valor in the four days of continuous desperate fighting in which they helped to capture Federation Hill, Independence Hill, and the Bishop's Palace, and then forced their way into the center of the city, General Worth said that the Hays' Texas Rangers did more to bring about the capitulation of Monterey than any other body of troops in the army. Immediately after the battle the term for which the men enlisted expired and the regiment was discharged.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Delta in November, 1846, says: "Modesty is the most remarkable trait of Colonel Hays and it is no uncommon thing to hear other modest men characterized as being almost as bashful as Jack Hays. Indeed I question whether there is a man in Taylor's army who has so poor an opinion of Jack Hays as he has of himself; he thinks much and speaks little and that little always to the purpose. There never lived a commander more idolized by his men, for his word is law."

Colonel Hays married Miss Susan Calvit of Seguin in April, 1847, a short time before he raised his second regiment for special service, that was largely composed of his old rangers. He left five companies in Texas under Lieutenant Colonel Bell to protect the frontier and took personal command of the other five companies, which he led to General Scott's line. He was ordered to suppress the guerrillas in the region surrounding the City of Mexico, and he fought many desperate battles with them before they could be conquered. His services in Mexico were important and meritorious and his rangers earned a national reputation. His command,which were the last troops that sailed from Vera Cruz, were mustered out in May, 1848. As half of his regiment was still in service in Texas, he retained his rank and returned to take command, but when the regiment was reorganized he was not a candidate for re-election

In August 1848, he led an exploring expedition with a view to opening road between San Antonio and El Paso. The project was approved by the government and received financial aid from the leading citizens of San Antonio, but it was a failure. The guides lost the way and the party only went to Presidio del Norte. They were gone six months and suffered extreme hardships during their absence.

In July, 1849, he left San Antonio with a large party of emigrants for California, via El Paso, under an escort of United States troops. They suffered many hardships on the route and did not arrive at San Diego until the last week in December. From there they went by steamer to San Francisco, reaching their destination January 10, 1850

He was greeted by many of his old friends and they urged him to accept the position of city marshal, which was then vacant, and when it was offered he did not decline the appointment. He held the position until his friends nominated and elected him sheriff of San Francisco. He was re-elected to the responsible office a second term, but resigned before it expired. Soon after retiring from office in 1852 he, with other gentlemen, purchased a large tract of land on the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay, and there founded the city of Oakland. In 1853 Colonel Hays was appointed United States Surveyor of California by President Pierce, which he filled to the great satisfaction of the people. President Buchanan subsequently ap pointed him Surveyor General of Oregon.

We quote from Halley's Centennial Book of Alameda County, California, 1876, that "Colonel Hays always had a somewhat prominent part in the politics of his state, and always was strongly interested in the success of the Democratic party. He was a delegate to the National Democratic convention which nominated Samuel J. Tilden as a candidate for President of the United States. His name will be found in every list of the notable men of California." * * *

Colonel Hays built a beautiful home on a farm in the foothills of Alameda county, north of Piedmont, where he lived until his death on July 25, 1883, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. The eulogies published by California papers after his death are very interesting. They all say he was a remarkable man and one of the most noted in that state. A paper read before the Society of California Pioneers says: "Col. John C. Hays was a pioneer of pioneers. For heroic courage, dauntless bravery, great endurance and perseverance in protecting settlers along the borders of western civilization from the scalping knife of wild savages, he had few peers and no superiors. For magnetic power in firing the hearts of his comrades with his own daring spirit, he equaled the great leaders. As a soldier, civil officer, citizen, husband and father, his life was such that he was respected and beloved by all that knew him."

Col. John S. Ford, who was adjutant of his regiment that served under General Scott, says:

"The fame of Colonel Hays rests on a substantial basis; it was acquired by hard fighting, by suffering privations and by the exhibition of the highest qualities adorning a citizen and soldier. His campaigns against the Indians and the Mexicans making descents upon Texas and the success of his operations, rendered him one of the most famous Rangers in the world. His exploits during the war between Mexico and the United States won him additional laurels, and he became one of the most popular leaders of men in the army."

Gen. Henry McCulloch says in a brief memoir of Colonel Hays:

"I was the first lieutenant of his company in 1842 and 1843, which embraced a part of the darkest period of the days of the Republic of Texas. In person Colonel Hays was about 5 feet 9 inches high and weighed about 145 pounds, and he had a handsome figure, straight as an Indian. His hair and beard was dark, almost black, and he usuaally wore a light mustache and chin beard. His eyes were deep blue, and he never saw a time when he could not look a man full in the face, whether he was friend or foe. His manners were easy and disposition kind. He was modest and unassuming in private life; firm and kind as a military commander, and as gallant and brave as any man that ever bore the name of Texas Ranger. He was a man of fair culture, of good moral habits, who was governed by a high sense of honor in all his dealings with his fellow man, and those who knew him best esteemed him most. He was a good citizen, a gentleman and a soldier."

Many gallant men who are prominent in Texas history served under his command at one time or another. Ex-President Lamar, Generals Burleson, Ben and Henry McCulloch and Tom Green, Judge Hemphill, Governor Bell, Colonel Walker Capt. Ad Gillespie, Big Foot Wallace, and a number of other distinguished characters.

The founder of Castroville said of Hays and his rangers: "They were equal to any emergency, but such a company can, in my opinion, only be compared to the old musketeers of Louis XIV, who represented the true and chivalric soldiers of France. Hays and his men represented the true and chivalric disinterested American gentlemen, soldier, who, at all times was ready to shed the last drop of his blood for country and protection of the feeble."

Fifty-three million dollars was lost in 1922 through alteration of checks.

The Trail of Blood Along the Texas Border

This series of Frontier Stories was written several years ago by John Warren Hunter, now deceased. One article of the series will appear each month in Frontier Times.

Early in 1855, Mathew Taylor and Joe McDonald, each having large families moved from Illinois and settled on Spring Creek, fifteen miles west of Fredericksburg in Gillespie county. At that period Fredericksburg was the chief seat of the Prince Solms Colony of Germans and was a mere village of pole cabins, and the settlement formed by McDonald and Taylor was on the extreme border. The government maintained a small garrison of regulars at Fort Martin Scott, two miles below Fredericksburg, also at Ft. Mason and later in the year, (1855) Fort McKavett was established. The Messrs. McDonald and Taylor engaged in stock-raising and farming, the latter only to a limited extent where the waters of Spring Creek could be utilized for irrigation. These men were devoutly religious and when their little log cabins had been completed, and ready for occupancy, a family altar was erected, the Bible was installed as their man of counsel and their children taught to worship God and obey His divine precepts.

Nature was bountiful to these couriers of a new order of things. Game was plentiful. Wild bees abounded in tree and cave, and life would have been one long joyous round of rural joys but for the continued menace of the savage in whose path little settlement was made.

Mr. Taylor informed the writer that hunting grounds in those days embraced the Upper Llanos, the Conchos and the Guadalupe regions and that during the Buffalo season he and his sons and the McDonald boys paid their annual visit to the Conchos, established their camp near the spring at the confluence of the two main streams and where San Angelo now stands. Here they would remain until the buffalo had left or had been driven out and then they would return to their homes laden with dried meats sufficient for the year's supply.

Mr. Taylor also informed me that he and his brother-in-law, Joe McDonald, were the first to raise a crop of corn in Kimble county. The spot chosen for the agricultural experiment was in the forks of the Llano, in the river bottom where the two Llanos came together just below where Junction City now stands. With a rude "bull-tongue" plow they prepared the ground—some two or three acres—planted the corn and returned to their homes on Spring creek, thirty miles away. Later they came back and plowed and hoed out their crop.

When the corn reached the roasting ear stage, bears came in for their share of the harvest but sufficient was left to reward the pioneers for all the labor expended.

Shortly after the advent of the Taylor's and McDonald's, the Nixon and Joy families moved out from Arkansas, the Nixson's settling on Squaw creek and the Joy's on Beaver creek. The points of the two settlements were respectively ten and sixteen miles from the Taylor settlement on Spring creek, but in those days of ceaseless peril, little count was taken of distance and a man living twenty miles away was a door neighbor and the sense of a common danger, resolved into a kinship of the close ties of which the present generation can scarcely comprehend.

Just before the outbreak of the Civil War, Monroe McDonald married Miss Beckie Taylor, daughter of Matthew Taylor. About the same time Lafe McDonald married Miss Alwilda Joy, a sister to Tobe Joy, who later made a brilliant record as an Indian fighter.

To the old frontiersmen it was well known that an Indian never forgets or overlooks a locality or settlement where one of his tribesmen has been slain. Vengenance sooner or later was sure to be wreaked upon the dwellers of that particular locality.

The settlers in Gillespie were not seriously molested by the Indians until the beginning of the Civil War when U. S. troops were withdrawn from the frontier. Up to that period, they were in a measure friendly, visited the settlements occasionally, traded with the people, and sometimes departed with horses not paid for.

The first of a long series of trouble with these pioneers began in 1862. An Indian approached Monroe McDonald's cabin and begged for food. Monroe supplied his wants and took him to his father's, Joe McDonald, where he was kept

under guard a few days and then delivered to the sheriff of Gillespie county, who placed him in jail. What became of the Indian is not positively known. He disappeared and the report went abroad that they meted out a cruel, swift vengeance the sequel with amply show.

Early in February, 1863, Captain John Banta, with ten others, among whom were the McDonald boys, were scouting along Johnson's fork of the Llano. The day was cold and a light mist waas falling. They came upon an Indian trail leading in the direction of the Spring creek settlement and by that almost intutive knowledge peculiar to the frontiersmen of those days, they soon found that there were eleven Indians in the bunch, and that they were all on foot. They took up the trail and cautiously followed it until they reached the crest of a divide overlooking the head draw of the Perdinales river, where they suddenly came upon the Indians, who, suspecting no danger, had halted on a bench of a hill and were engaged in mending their moccasins, which, owing to the wet grass and long travel, were nearly worn out. The boys charged upon the Indians, who in turn fled and attempted to reach a mot of live oaks in the valley below. The Indians became scattered and a running fight ensued. Each Texan selected his Indian and when crowded the savage would turn upon his pursuer and attempt to use his bow and arrow. But the misting rain had dampened their bow strings (made of sinew) and this rendered the weapon useless. The Texans were almost at an equal disadvantage, although armed with Colt's revolvers. The amunition furnished by the State was very inferior, more especially the percussion caps. These were not water proof and had become damp. Nor were they of the guage to fit the tubes of the Colt's pistol when placed on the tubes, the first fire would jar the remaining five loose and they would fall off. But the battle grew apace. The Indians finally rallied round their chief, whose yells of defiance would have stricken terror to weaker souls. The mounted Texans made repeated charges until six of the braves had fallen; among whom was their chief. The remaining five escaped in the brush and were pursued for some distance, but without avail.

During the last charge a shot from Captain Banta's pistol had broken the old chief's back. While pursuing the fugitives, the wounded chief had dragged himself to a nearby liveoak and when the pursuers returned they found him reclining against the root of that tree. As they came up he began to chant his death song, the wierdness and novelty of which caused them to pause and hear him to a finish. The chief held in his grasp a long knife and at the conclusion of his song and when Mr. Banta stepped forward to give the parting shot, with an effort, calling forth all his remaining strength, the Indian plunged the knife into his own heart and fell back a corpse.

Six scalps, six bows, six quivers of arrows and a few worthless articles of Indian apparel were the fruits of victory. But there were six Indians less to steal and murder, and the Texans came home without a scratch.

Some time before this, about the year 1860, if I have been correctly informed, the Taylor and McDonald ranch was established on the Perdinales, where Harper now stands, and some 8 or 10 miles from Spring Creek. Lafe McDonald, it seems, after his marriage, lived with or near his father-in-law, Mr. Joy, on Threadgill several miles distant from the Taylor ranch.

During those heroic days the clothing worn by these pioneers was either "home spun" or buckskin and sometimes both, and the cotton cards, spinning wheel, winding blades and warping bars, were indispensable industrial implements in every frontier home.

A few month's after Captain Banta's fight just above the Taylor ranch, and where six of the enemy were killed, Mrs. Lafe McDonald and her mother, Mrs. Joy, left the Joy ranch in a buggy and started to the Taylor ranch with a lot of thread they had spun and which was being taken to Mrs. Taylor to be woven into cloth. Some miles out they were surrounded by a band of Indians and killed To show the settlers that this raid was strictly one of revenge, these Indians did not appropriate the horse driven by the murdered ladies nor did they take any article from the buggy. The first intelligence the family had of the awful tragedy was when, a couple of hours after the two ladies left the ranch the horse came back still harnessed to the buggy and stopped at the gate. When the family went out t o investigate, they found both of the women in the buggy—dead! Mrs. McDonald's head had been severed and

was found under the buggy seat. Mrs. Joy's throat was cut from ear to ear. John Joy, Sr. the husband and father, swore eternal vengeance against the Comanches when he viewed the remains of his wife and daughter. He was in fairly good circumstances. He owned a large stock of cattle, horses and hogs besides an ample supply of specie. He called his sons around him at the conclusion of the funeral and announced to them his resolution to devote the remainder of his days to the task of killing Indians. To these sons he gave charge and control of all his stock and ranch interests, reserving for himself shelter and food on occasions when he chanced to return from his long and weary search for the enemy; and means sufficient to supply him with the latest improved arms and amunition.

From that date only one thought, one intense, burning desire—that of revenge—swayed the life of Mr. Joy. He seemed to avoid the company of men, always going alone, sometimes going on foot, but more often mounted. It is related of him that for several years, he rode a stocky Spanish horse fleet of foot and of a hardihood that seemed proof against all manner of fatigue and hardship. This horse was never known to leave him, and while he would not allow a stranger to approach, yet he was ever ready to come at his master's call. From instinct, or other cause, this horse had an abhorrence for Indians, and while encamped in forest or plain if an Indian came near at any hour of the night his presence was made known by the stamping and snorting of the intelligent animal. The old pioneer was an apt pupil in all that pertained to Indian woodcraft, and soon became an adept to the extent that the fresh turned stone, a broken twig or bruised blade of grass attracted his notice and oftimes indicated the late presence of the enemy. His activitiy and endurance was almost superhuman. Today, on one of the Twin Mountains on the Concho scanning the adjacent plains and the distant horizon, watching for a smoke from signal fires; tomorrow, from some high peak overlooking the valley of San Saba, the next day steadily examining the watering places along the upper Llano's—in vale, hill, mountain and cedarbrake—a phantom of grim tragedy, a silent, ghostly Nemesis that never slept—always on the alert—moved by a single impulse that of an unquenchable, insatiable consuming desire—revenge. Such was Veteran Joy.

It seemed as if this brave old pioneer had become possessed with the power of ubiquity since it is related of him that he was always found on the trail of every band of Indians that raided the region from the Guadalupe to the Colorado, and when an Indian ventured within the confines of all that vast region, quite often he found, when too late that an avenging Nemesis was on his trail, and whose steady aim never faltered and whose trusty rifle never spoke in vain. Returning home on one occasion from a long scout in the Llano region, and when with in a few miles of his ranch, his quick eye discovered Indian sign, and upon closer scrutiny he found the trail of three Indians that had passed along, afoot, in the direction of the Taylor ranch. Taking this trail he silently, swiftly followed. It led him to the west of the Taylor ranch and across the divide. The second day at nightfall, with the tread of a lynx he came upon them in their rude bivouac in a cedar brake on the banks of a little stream. They had shot a cow and were regaling themselves with roast beef, when a rifle shot pierced the heart of one of their faithful number and the deadly Colt's did the rest. All three were killed.

This old pioneer died at an advanced age. He lived to see the Comanche forever banished from the Texas border, but lamented the government's course in placing the tribe on a reservation and feeding them at public expense. He thought they all ought to be killed and regretted that he could not live longer and kill a few more of the numerous devils.

On the Taylor ranch lived Matthew Taylor and his wife, Hannah, a number of their children, and Eli McDonald, his wife and six children. On one occasion Mr. Taylor and his son with one or two neighbors went away on a cow round-up, leaving Eli McDonald to look after the ranch and protect the families. On the morning after the departure of Mr. Taylor and only a few hours after his leaving, a large body of Indians appeared. Not suspecting danger so near at hand, Miss McDonald, a beautiful girl just blooming into womanhood, had gone to the spring nearby to bring the milk from the spring house, for the noon meal. As she left the spring she was riddled with arrows, and with frightful yells the Indians swarmed into the yard and around

the house. Mr. McDonald seized his Winchester and rushed into the yard to repel the enemy. The Indians made signs for peace and motioned for him to put away his gun; that they were "muy amigos." Finding such fearful odds against him, in a moment of weakness yielded and set down his gun against the side of the house. Seeing this movement, several Indians came forward, with extended hand as if for a friendly handshake. McDonald offered his hand which was siezed and while being held was stabbed to death.

With the fall of Eli McDonald the butchery stopped. Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Eli McDonald and her children were witnesses to the tragedy and were powerless to offer any resistance. The Indians looted the place taking everything that struck their fancy. They were noisey and in high glee and while sacking the house Mrs. Taylor stealthily passed out into the cow pen where a large number of her home cattle were basking in the shade of the trees and among these friendly kine she concealed herself until the Indians had departed. Mrs. McDonald and children were carried into captivity, but at the end of three years, were released by government agents and restored to relatives in Gillespie.

This Indian raid was made only a few months after Captain Banta's fight with the Indians only a few miles above the Taylor ranch.

A few years after Mrs. McDonald's release from captivity, she was married to Peter Hazlewood. During the last raid ever made by the Indians in Gillespie county Mr. Hazlewood was killed in a fight with them on the waters of Spring creek. This was in 1872. Seven or eight years later Mrs. Hazlewood married again and at last accounts was living at Ingram in Kerr county.

When the Indians, laden with household plunder, which they securely packed on horses—had taken their departure, Mrs. Hannah Taylor quit the ranch and in her fright and bewilderment started, she scarcely knew where. The following day the people at Doss ranch, twenty-five miles from the Taylor ranch were startled by the apparance of Mrs. Taylor. Her frail shoes had been worn out over the stony ground and her feet were bleeding from innumerable laceraions, and abrasions. Her hands, arms and face were covered wih blood from having come in contaet with catclaw and other thorn-bearing brush, while only fragments of her raiment yet clung to her sorely wounded body. Her reason for the time being, had been overthrown, the ordeal had been greater than she could bear and only incoherency, the babblings as of a little child, and paroxysms of maniacal laughter, came in reply to inquiries from those ranch people, who soon came to realize the crushing weight of her misfortunes. Couriers were sent in all directions to the different settlements for aid in pursuing the Indians. Mrs. Taylor received every care and attention that generous souls could suggest, and after long months of suffering recovery came and she lived to a great old age. Matthew Taylor, her husband, was a Mehodist preacher, and shortly after her thrilling adventure with the savages, Mrs. Taylor became impressed with the idea that she had a divine call to the ministry and in obedience to the call she eventually became a preacher after having professed sanctification and joining the Holiness people. The writer knew her quite well and heard her preach on many occasions. She was very fervent at camp meetings and often raised a shout of praise and thanksgiving to the Lord for her deliverance. A common expression of her's when shouting was: "Bless the Lord, the Injuns got me, but I got away agin'!"

The site of the pioneer village of Schoenbruff, the first settlement in the Northwest Territory near New Philadelphia, Ohio, has been determined by an archeoligist. The old village was founded in 1772 by a Moravian missionary. Fragments of brightly colored glass resembling Venetian glass, such as traders gave Indians for skins of animals, fragments of clasp knives used for hunting, large sheets of pure beaten copper, flintrocks used in muskets, tomahawks, wrought iron nails, human bones and potteryware were found in the cellars. The village passed from existence in 1872.

The Federal Government owns 148 national forests comprising a total of 156,000,000 acres. The use of the national forests is encouraged, provided certain regulations are observed.

In America there are 1,500,000 unable to speak the English language. There are 3,000,000 more who cannot read it.

The Massacre of John Webster and Party

After Sam Houston's decisive victory at San Jacinto, many people came to Texas from the older States. Many of them were single men, coming for the love of adventure, and many of them were men with families, coming to this land of beauty, fertility and promise to secure land and homes for their families. Texas was offering very tempting inducements to immigrants, and many thousands were coming to take advantage of these donations of land, since Texas had been able to throw off the Mexican yoke.

Among these people came John Webster and his family, consisting of his wife and two children, a boy and a girl, an infant in arms, and one or more negro servants. They came from Virginia, and with them came John Darlington, a young man.

Webster and family stopped at Webberville, in Bastrop County, and had title to a tract of land that is now in the county of Burnet, the little village known as Strickling, being on the tract then owned by John Webster.

At Webberville, in July and August 1839, Webster gathered together an outfit, such as would be needed to make a home in a new country, consisting of wagons, oxen, farm tools, horses, arms, and other things that pertained to a pioneer's outfit.

Webster knew of the danger from Indians, for the brutal Comanches were in control of the country north and west of Austin. For protection from Indians and to assist him in improving his place, he induced eleven young men to accompany him, and tradition says he had with him a negro man servant and his wife, making the party consist of thirteen men; two women, including the negro woman servant and the two Webster children, making seventeen souls in the party. Between the 10th and 15th of August, 1839, this party took up the line of march, having three wagons, drawn by oxen.. There being no roads and none of the men familiar with the country, their progress was very slow. According to Mrs. Webster's account at about sundown on the third day they reached an elevation that overlooked the spot that Webster intended to make his future home. But to their horror a large number of Comanche Indians were encamped on the spot intended for the Webster home. A hasty council was held, and from the fact that the Webster party was so greatly outnumbered by the savages, it was decided to make their way back to Webberville, or get reinforcements.

The party then took the trail they had made in coming and made all haste they could with their slow moving oxen, hoping that the Indians had not discovered them. A vain hope, however, as the sequel shows.

The party made good progress on their retreat, the darkness being considered, until they crossed the South San Gabriel. This point is three miles north of the town of Leander in Williamson County and the crossing was between what is known as the Cashion farm and the Wilson farm, where a spring branch empties into the San Gabriel. Going out of the San Gabriel Valley, the foremost wagon was hung onto a tree in such a manner that it was impossible to get it off , without cutting down the tree, and this was slow work underneath the wagon, and in the darkness. Had it been the rear wagon, it could have been abandoned, but was the front wagon, and blocked progress. Mrs. Webster said several hours were lost in extricating the wagon.

About sunrise the yelling Indians came in sight. The Webster party had reached the Brushy Creek Valley near the north bank of Brushy Creek, a bluff some twenty feet in height and over 150 yards in length formed the north bank of the creek. Some of the party proposed to abandon the wagons and take refuge under the bluff, but the only protection from the south would have been a fringe of trees growing along the creek. Little time was permitted for a discussion, for the Indians were preparing to attack. A corral such as only three wagons could make was quickly formed, the oxen taken loose from the wagon tongues, and all parties took refuge in the corral and under the wagons and prepared the best they could for resistance.

The Indians would form on a low ridge, having some scattering post oak timber on it, then they would charge, going by the wagons, and shooting at the Webster party as they passed, Webster and his men firing at the Indians as they passed. This kind of an attack

was kept up until in the afternoon, and until all of the men were killed, leaving only Mrs. Webster and the negro woman and the two Webster children living, better protection being given them by some of the household goods.

The scene of this bloody tragedy is located one mile east of the flourishing little town of Leander, on the Llano branch of the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, about thirty miles from Austin.

The Indians burned the wagons, carried off such articles as they wanted, and took up their line of march in a northwesterly direction, taking Mrs. Webster, her two children and the negro woman as captives.

Webster's friends at Webberville, hearing nothing from the party, none of the men returning, a party was sent out on their trail to look for them. Of this party was Henderson Upchurch, afterward a prominent citizen and farmer of the Leander community, and from his family much of the matter of this article was obtained, as Mr. Upchurch has been dead many years.

Mr. Upchurch and his party found some of oxen making their way back to Webberville, with the yokes still on some of them. A few miles further on, after finding the oxen, the party came upon the remains of the wagons and the bones of the unfortunate Webster party. This party returned to Webberville and reported, and another party was made up to bury the victims of the massacre. Of this party was George Alley, who afterwards lived and died in Georgetown and Rev. Jack Atkinson, a pioneer preacher of the Cumberland Presbyterian church.

Mr. Atkinson said the bones of the victims were scattered over the little valley where the battle occurred for several hundred yards in the tall grass, making it difficult to get all the bones together. Wolves had dragged parts of the bodies for a long distance.

The Websters had packed their bedclothes in a crockeryware crate, which was not destroyed by the Indians. In this crate they gathered the bones of the thirteen men and buried them near a clump of live oaks, not far from where the wagons were.

Mrs. Webster and her children were taken to the mountain country at the head of the Guadalupe and Llano Rivers. She and her children attempted to escape anl were recaptured, according to her description of the country, somewhere near Pilot Knob, a few miles north of Austin. Some time during the next summer Mrs. Webster escaped from the savages at the head of the Guadalupe River, taking with her her baby daughter, and after many hardships and great suffering came in sight of San Antonio. She was entirely destitute of clothing, and on this account remained hidden in the mesquite brush near the city until nightfall, when she went into the city and told her story. She was kindly cared for and all her wants supplied by Mrs. Maverick and other kind-hearted ladies.

She was restored to her friends, and the boy was rescued by traders among the Indians. The daughter Martha V. afterward married a man by the name of Strickling and spent her life in this part of the State. A number of years after the Indians were driven back a monument was erected over Webster's grave. It was made of soft limestone of that region, and time and weather have turned it almost black, and the letters can only be deciphered by tracing them over with white crayon.

The inscription is as follows: "To the memory of Washington Perry Reese and William Parker Reese, killed with John Webster and Company by the Comanche Indians, Aug. 27, A. D. 1839. This tomb s raised by their brothers and Webster's laughter, Martha V. Strickling: Charles K. Reese and Thomas Reese."

This place has been made a cemetery and is known as the Davis Graveyard, where rests all that is mortal of many good pioneer citizens who came after the wild Indians were driven back. That beautiful valley in 1839 was a sea of waving grass, interspersed with a few trees, then the scene of heartrendering tragedy, is now green with growing cotton and waving corn dotted with comfortable homes, churches and schoolhouses, telegraph and telephone wires, broad public roads, along which speed the flying automobile; trains on the railroads, carrying the products of a happy and prosperous people to the ends of the earth. Indeed, we can exclaim, "See what God hath wrought."

Alaska has an area of about 586,000 square miles, much larger than Texas, the largest state. It has a population of about 54,000, much less than three-quarters of that of Nevada, the least populated state.

History of Fort Inge, on the Leona River

Miss Bertha Dalton, in Uvalde Leader News.

Just as surely as distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountains in its azure hue

does the passage of time invest with interest and romance the prosaic and ordinary facts and features of everyday life, and add the touch that

Gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

When, then, this enchantment, due to distance is added to the unusual and extraordinary, a combination both startling and marvelous is produced; and, for this reason, today, we find old Fort Inge wrapped in a glamour of war, romance, and tradition that makes it an object of much local interest and speculation.

Unique in its formation, and commanding in its appearance, Mt. Inge, apart from its historic associations, is an object of interest both to the scientist and to the lover of Nature in her wilder,more majestic moods. Geologically, Mt. Inge is formed of a species of rock unlike any other type of this region, a species to which the name "Uvalde phonolite" has been given. Mt. Inge is situated about three miles south of Uvalde on the Leona River, is a great circular eminence over one hundred and fifty feet high. In position, it is as solitary and distinct as, in structure, it is peculiar and interesting.

The year that California startled the world by the announcement of her rich gold finds and became the lodestone that drew thousands to her "El Dorado" was the year that first saw the stars and stripes unfolding to the Texas breeze from the summit of Ft. Inge. On March 13, 1849, Fort Inge was established to the south, and at the base of the mountain with Captain Seth Eastman, of the First Infantry commanding. In a short time, he gave way to Captain William J. Hardu, author of a book on military tactics that was used by both the Federals and Confederates during the Civil War. Captain Hardu joined his fortunes with the Confederacy and rose to distinction. On April, 1851, the troops were withdrawn but the Fort was again occupied in July of the same year. Again in 1855 the fort was abandoned, the garison being transferred to Ft. Clark. For over a year the fort was unoccupied, but in September, 1856, the soldiers once more patrolled the banks of the Leona, and did guard duty under the shadow of this great natural fort. Texas seceded from the Union February 1861, and on March 19, 1861 the Federal troops were recalled from the enemy's territory to the seat of war. The garrison from Fort Inge, under command of Captain James Oakes, in company with the retiring troops from Fort Clark to San Antonio, and sixteen miles west of San Antonio fell into the hands of the Confederates. They were parolled, and sent north by way of Old Indianola.

During the Civil War, the fort was occupied by Confederates, and in 1866, the fortunes of war again brought the Federal troops to Fort Inge, where they remained until the United States government finally abandoned the fort March 28, 1869. After this final abandonment of the fort, the Texas Rangers served as protectors of the frontier, and were stationed in the old fort. In 1870, Captain Richards of the Ranger force fought a band of Indians just below the fort. In this fight, one ranger and several Indians were killed. The same day a band of depredating Indians killed the captain's son and another ranger.

One day in the year of fifty-nine when Captain Robert P. McClay commanded this far western and lonely fort, every soldier, rank and file stood at attention to welcome Robert Edward Lee, who so lately had proved his mettle by carrying Scott into the City of Mexico, and who so shortly was to win fame by keeping this same Scott and his brother officers out of Richmond. And no soldier ever advanced upon the fort at the head of a stranger calvacade than did this gallant Robert Edward Lee, who turning aside from the course of the Nueces directed his party to the stars and stripes that waved above old Fort Inge. For a moment, those who watched the party advancing forgot their whereabouts and imagined themselves the inhabitants of a desert, for with lumpish tread, looking in vain for the sands of their native African deserts, trudged four grown camels and one yearling, bearing the baggage of the party.

In 1858, the Federal government tried a novel experiment. A ship load of African camels was landed at Galveston

and distributed among the forts of West Texas and Arizona, where their adaptability as a beast of burden for the United States Army was to be tested in the desert regions of these sections. In 1859, Robert E. L,ee· on a tour of inspection, left San Antonio for Camp Verde in Bandera county, where a camel ranch had been founded. He left Camp Verde in command of this miniature caravan, and proceeded west on the divide that separates the head waters of the Medina, Hondo and Sabinal from those of the Llano, and on reaching the Nueces, he turned south and followed its course until he turned toward Fort Inge. After resting at Fort Inge, the party was taken in charge of Judge J. F. Robinson, who was then a government guide and trailer. The caravan-like party went down the west bank of the Leona to the Comanche Crossing of the Frio, below the conjunction of the Leona and Frio, where they went into camp. From this point Judge Robinson returned to Uvalde, and the party continued its way to San Antonio.

That Robert E. Lee was the guest of our own Fort Inge is its greatest glory, but not its only one, and we are far from willing that the greatest glory dim the less. From March 1857 to March 1858, the fort was commanded by Captain Edmond K. Smith; and for a moment, the name defiies recognition, but we suddenly feel a thrill to know that, another gallant Confederate, more familiarly known as General E. Kirby Smith, spent a year within the shadow of the fort, and climbed its summit just as you and I have done. Another name dear to all the South is found in the list of soldiers stationed at the fort, that of General J. B. Hood, the fame of whose Brigade still re-echoes through our broad state.

While we honor these brave men just mentioned, and peculiarly love them for they were of our own fair Southland, we equally honor those brave commanders of the fort, who at the beginning of the Civil War saw before them "duty and love, one broadway" and remained to fight the battles of, and add glory to the grandest nation on earth. Among these was Thomas Duncan, who commanded the fort in 1858, and later, during the Civil War, performed valuable and valiant service, rising to the rank of Brigadier General in the Army, whose glory was his pride. Today, his son, Brigadier General Joseph Wilson Duncan is in command of the Department of Texas, with head quarters at Fort Sam Houston. General J. W. Duncan was born at Fort Ewell, which was situated on the present site of Cotulla, in 1853, and no officer could be said to be more nearly born in service than he, for he is the third successive generation of his family to hold a commission in the United States Army. Only a few weeks ago, General Duncan rode beyond the limits of San Antonio at the head of troop E Third Cavalry on its march to Eagle Pass, to do honor to his father's command, the old troops Captain Duncan commanded at Fort Inge.

The officers' and soldiers' quarters were built south of the mountain, along the east bank of the Leona, which in those days was a bold running stream as it passed the fort. The hospital was built at the base of the mountain, and was a fine stone structure. The officers' quarters were comfortable and homelike and the fort has been described by old settlers as a social resort, and the soldiers, when they appeared in the little village trading at the stores, or attending church in the old court house as well dressed, sober, polite and gentlemanly.

Now only a few broken stones and straggling ruins remain to tell the story of the brave men, who, in pioneer days, acted their "liad" upon the broad prairies of our Lone Star State and made possible the homes, happiness and prosperity of our people. All honor to the memory of the soldiers of old Fort Inge!

Then, the war drums broke the silence,
And re-echoed from its crest;
Now, the gentle zephyr ripples
The Leona's placid breast.
And at eve its shining waters,
Flowing onward to the sea,
Bring in fancy, ghostly shadows
Of the gallant Hood and Lee.
It was here the dark marauders
Played havoc in their day;
While, undaunted, this grand army,
Kept the savage hordes at bay.
Now that peace has spread her pinion
And the clouds have rolled away,
To these heroes this old mountain
Stands a monument to-day.

A 50-foot thermometer at Atlantic City can be read a mile away. Lights on the board indicate the temperature.

Taming the Savage Apache Followers of Geronimo.

The Indian spirit has been humbled. The Apache is now a man of peace. He is to a considerable extent, civilized. He no longer wears the blanket and moccasins of his fathers, but the store clothes and brogans of the white trader. He has become, in a way, a tiller of the soil. His children have been educated in the Indian schools—as prisoners of war, the only prisoners of war in the whole United States.

Of all the American Indians it is conceded that the Apaches were the most bloodthirsty and cruel. Their outrages on the frontier shocked the whole world a quarter of a century ago, and until captured by Miles and Lawton they terrorized the whole border and carried their warfare into Mexico.

In 1876, acting upon the complaint of the Mexican government that Geronimo and his band of Apaches had committed depredations in Sonora, the United States removed the Indians from their reservation to San Carlos, Arizona.

Subsequently Geronimo and others of his band of half-naked savages fled back again into Mexico, were again restored to San Carlos, but they failed to keep peace and in 1882 Geronimo again took the warpath and raided in Sonora, and he and his band were subsequently rounded up in the Sierraa Madre mountains by United States troops under George H. Crook.

The Apaches were so cruel that it is said of them that they tortured simply for the pleasure of giving pain, and young Apache boys took keen delight in tearing to pieces live birds,, mice or game which fell into their clutches. Growing into men their cruel natures were emphasized. Their outrages increased until the whole country was terrorized. Settlers were murdered, ranches were burned, men, women and children slaughtered and scalped. Sometimes they would strip the clothing from prisoners and bury them close to an ant hill so that the ants would eat the flesh from their skulls. Geronimo was a Chiricahua.

After Crook had brought the Indians in, in 1883, they remained quiet for a little while, but in the winter of 1884 trouble once more arose over the efforts of the government to prevent the making and using of tiswin by these Indians and Geronimo gathered together a band of the worst renegades and started out on a series of raids.

Again General Crook proceeded against them, and in August 1886, the entire band, about three hundred and forty in number, including Geronimo, and Nachi, the hereditary chief, surrendered to General Miles, who has superceded Crook.

On one raid the Apaches traveled more than twelve hundred miles in four weeks, raided the Apache reservation, killed many Indians and thirty-eight white people and returned to Mexico, although there was in the field against them forty troops of calvary and forty-three companies of infantry. On one expedition into Mexico, after the hostile, Captain Emmett Crawford, in command, was killed.

General Miles, in his volume of "Personal Recollections," gives a vivid description of the Apaches. He says:

"The mountain labyrinths of the Apaches may be compared to the criminal dens and slums of London, although on an immenseely larger scale, and the outlaws to be tracked and subdued, for cunning, strength and ferocity have never been surpassed in the annals of either savage or civilized crime. A band of Indans that roamed the country for generations believed themselves to be masters and unconquerable, and many of the white people living in that country believed it to be impossible to run them down and capture them."

General Miles put to a test in actual warfare against the hostiles, who were adepts in signalling with fire and smoke from one mountain to another, the little instrument known as the heliostat. He established stations on the mountain peaks, and thus opened up a line of communication. It was an idea which had much to do with the solving of the Apache problem.

General Miles found in General Lawton an ideal soldier to take up the active campaign against Apaches, and in Leonard Wood, then a captain of the medical corps, an officer of skill, strength and courage. He asked Wood to accompany Lawton.

The picked body of troops placed under Lawon were splendidly officered and equipped. The Apaches were then in their mountain retreat in the Sierra Madres, where they could have remained practi-

cally indefinitely, but instead of waiting to be attacked they began hostilities themselves, committing all sorts of outrages in northern Mexico.

There was a sharp engagement, the Indians scattering and subsequently dividing into two bands. Numerous detachments of troops were kept constantly on the march against them and performed unusual feats of heroism.

July 13, Lawton's command surprised the camp of Geronimo, but the wily old chief escaped, together with Nachi, the hereditary chief, and the members of the band. Lawton followed them up closely and not long afterward Geronimo asked for a conference.

The two fighters met and concluded plans for a meeting with Miles, when Geronimo agreed to surrender.

The Indians accompanied Lawton's command back toward the United States and a detachment of Mexican troops coming up and threatening to attack the Indians, Lawton protested, saying that the Indians were prisoners. Old Geronimo sent word to Lawton that if there had to be a fight with the Mexicans the Indians would take them from the rear while the troops attacked them in front.

In Skeleton's canyon on the evening of September 3, General Miles joined Lawton in camp and shortly afterward Geronimo arrived and surrendered.

The captive Indians first were sent to Florida, then to Alabama and in 1894 to Fort Sill.

A large seated statue of Minerva, carved from colored alabaster, has been discovered in Rome on the site of the Emporium. This point was a landing place on the Tiber for marble shipments in the days of olden Rome. It was found while excavating for a new building. A workman near Ognia, Italy, found two ancient bronze vases containing 300 gold coins dating back to 300 B. C.

Only one per cent of 80,000 samples of liquor seized during the last of the year was genuine, according to a report of the prohibition commissioner at Washington. He said that adulteration of bootleg liquor was leading to serious physical consequences. Drinking of moonshine may not cause death directly, but its toxins are cumulative and result in death if indulged in for a protracted period.

Meteorites in Texas.

Dr. O. C. Farrington of the Field Columbian Museum in Chicago, one of the world's foremost students of meteorites, furnished to the Bureau of Economic Geology in Austin a catalogue of the meteorites known to have been found in Texas. His list includes no less than nineteen specimens.

Of these, eleven are so-called iron meteorites, which consist of masses of coarsely crystallized iron usually containing several per cent of nickel. The largest of these, the Davis Mountain meteorite, weighed some 1,600 pounds and is now owned by the Field Columbian Museum in Chicago. It was found in Jeff Davis County in 1903. The Wichita meteorite is of the same kind, but is of smaller size. It is said to have been an object of worship among the American Indians and is therefore believed by some to have been seen by the Indians when it fell. This meteor is now in the collection of the Bureau of Economic Geology. The earliest known meteorite from Texas is known as the Red River iron. This was found in 1808. These may be said to somewhat resemble a heavy trap rock. They usually have a smooth surface.

It seems that more and more meteorites have been found as the population of the State has increased. This may be seen from the following figures:

From 1800 to 1825, one; from 18250 to 1850 one; from 1851 to 1875, three; from 1876 to 1900, nine; from 1901 to date, five.

Some of the latest finds may not yet have been reported. The distribution of these finds over the State likewise indicates that the chances of meteorites being discovered increases with population, all but six having been found in the eastern half of the State. None has been found on the lowlands of the coastal plain. The reason for this may be twofold. Falling on the softer soils of these lands, the meteors may have more easily penetrated into the ground. In the moist climate of the coast the meteorites no doubt also disintegrate more rapidly than in the dry climate farther west. Only one of the Texas meteorites was with certainty seen when it fell. This is the Blanket meteorite, which fell in Brown County in May, 1909.

Old settlers of Bandera county will hold a two-days' reunion next May.

A Bunco of the Eighties—the Diamond King.

During the year 1886 San Antonio was electrified by the arrival of a most singular individual. Many people remember clearly the furore he caused at the time.

Coming unheralded and unknown , he blew into town one day, a blaze of diamonds. His Mexican sombrero was thick ly powdered with immense gems, all of the purest water, and as large as a hazelnut, it seemed. His coat and vest bore as many as could find room. His sleeve buttons, and the buttons of all his garments, were sparkling with diamonds.

To the curious throng that crowded his tent—he had pitched a canvas home or a vacant lot near Alamo Plaza—his servants announced that their master was a diamond king. They were deaf to further inquiries, and would give out nothing beyond this fact except that the king would talk to the people on Main Plaza the following night at 8 o'clock. The tent was closed to peering eyes; the diamond king granted interviews to nobody. No one except the servants appeared to gratify the public gaze.

At 8 o'clock on the following evening all of San Antonio was at Main Plaza with his family. The appearance of such a strange individual was enough to draw forth the most phlegmatic. The rumors that had been circulated and contradicted since his arrival had whetted the public appetite to an unbelievable pitch.

Promptly at 8 o'clock the diamond king appeared, clad in the richest of vestments, aglitter with hundreds of brilliants. His equippage, a heavy wagon, was a disappointment to the crowd until it was discovered that it carried bulky crammed sacks that were stiff and heavy.

Driving up to the center of the plaza the diamond king took off his priceless sombrero, bowed respectfully to the crowd and reaching his hand into the first of the plump sacks, he swept it over the crowd.

From his hand there sprang a glittering stream. In a moment it tinkled on the pavement. There was an instant of astonished stillness, and then the crowd threw itself bodily in a squirming fighting mass, onto the offering of the diamond king.

For in the sacks was money, and he was throwing it broadcast to the multitude.

It was real money, United States minted coin. And this man was again scattering it to the winds. Time and again his hand plunged into the sacks, there were a dozen on the wagon, and each time he flung a handful of ringing money,the crowd went wild.

Dimes, quarters, dollars, bills as high as ten dollars were flying through the air. The mayor sent the police force to quell the disturbance—and the police fought with the populace for the coin.

Then the diamond king held up his hand. A silence, hushed and still, fell upon that vast and wondering multitude. In a voice as clear as the ring of his own gold coins the stranger announced that he had discovered the most precious of all boons to mankind—a real pain-killer. This wonderful, marvelous, astounding discovery was the greatest blessing to mankind since the discovery of fire. It killed all pain. From henceforth ward there would be no more suffering in the world. All would be pleasure and happiness. He was content. The world could offer him no more. Coming generations would mention his name with awe, as the savior of mankind's happiness. This was all that he valued. For money he had positively no use. And he again began to scatter bright flashing streams of silver among the people before him.

That man had San Antonio crazy. People fought for the privilege of being near his wagon. He swung the crowds as a man plays a, horse, driving them from place to place, following his shower of money.

Then once more he called for silence. He announced that he did not ask these cultured and intelligent people to believe him, to take his unsupported word. He would prove to them that his wonderful discovery did really kill pain—pain of any kind. Did any one have an aching tooth?

Somebody did. An old Mexican woman climbed the platform. Her face was litterally bandaged, and her bloodshot eyes bespoke sleepless nights of misery. There before the people, in the full light of the flaring oil lamps, he sat the woman on a chair. He anointed her aching tooth with his marvelous discovery. He reached into her mouth with a forceps and he yanked at the tooth with all the

strength that God had given him. It yielded with a jerk.

"Did it hurt madam?" he inquired with the utmost politeness.

The woman stood up grinning. She stuck a finger into the place where the tooth had been. Then she spat a mouthful of blood and grinned again.

"Didn't know it was out," she said.

The crowd roared. It yelled with delight. It shouted, and called, and thundered its approval. People stumbled up the stairs that led to the wagon. That night he pulled teeth,without any pain, free of charge.

At midnight he went back to his tent, accompanied by a shouting, pleading throng. The next night he appeared and again he threw money to the populace. He offfered to pull teeth without pain. But to prevent the crush and scramble of the preceding night he was forced to make a charge on the operation— one dollar. Business was good. Between tooth-pullings he threw money.

San Antonio went mad about the diamond king. It began to buy his wonderful discovery—Spanish Oil,he called it. The people bought it for themselves,for their animals,for their neighbors, for the sheer love of buying from this wonderful man, who had money to throw away.

Then, one day the news was passed around that the diamond king had died —of smallpox. All of San Antonio bewailed him. O, that this good man man should be laid low. How great a loss to the community. And the widow! Poor woman, she was destitute. Not only had her husband given away every dollar that he possessed, but he had even thrown away money that he had borrowed on the diamonds. She could not even sell his costly clothes—for he had died of smallpox, and the peeople feared.

With the impulsive open-heartedness of Texans, the people started a list for the unfortunate widow. Men gave dollars by the hundreds. The fever was still upon them, and they threw their money to his widow as he had thrown it to them.

Then, when the collections had ceased coming in, behind the closed flap of the tent sat the diamond king and his wife, counting out their money.

"Gee, Carrie," he said, "we've cleaned up over four thousand dollars on this town. Let's hike."

So they hiked. The diamond king went from town to town, throwing away his money, selling his wonderful discovery, and dying of smallpox, and after each collection had been handed to his widow he resurrected and again, like the Arabs in the piece we spoke at school, he would quietly steal away.

VETERAN AMASA CLARK

Amasa Clark, whose likeness appears above, is a veteran of the Mexican War. He marched with General Scott from Vera Cruz to Mexico City, and was in all of the desperate fighting that took place along the way and at Chapultepec and in the streets of the Mexican capital. Mr. Clark located at Bandera in 1852, and has resided here continuously ever since. He is now 95 years old, is active and hale and hearty, and is the father of nineteen children. He will contribute sketches to Frontier Times from time to time.

In 1920 there were more than 20,000 Indian children of school age who were not in school because of lack of facilities. All the Indians are not Osages, wealthy in oil lands. Others live on poorer reservations whose homes are in hovels, tents, shacks tepees and houses with dirt floors.

Of the 1,200 or more species of birds native to the United States and Canada less than one per cent are really injurious.

Population of Texas Seventy-Five Years Ago

The following story is full of interest and historic value. It came to our attention as a reprint, credited to that very versatile and yet unknown writer, "Selected." We congratulate him on his enterprise and commend the story to a reading and pasting in a scrap book:

The first census record for the State of Texas was the enumeration of 1850, the republic having been accepted as a State in 1845, at which time its total population was 212,592, or more than one square mile for each person enumerated. The city of New York that year had a few more than 50,000.

When Texas was admitted as a State in 1845 it claimed considerable territory not now within its confines. In 1850 it sold to the Federal Government for $10,000,000 all claimed outlaying area which reduced it to the size as shown by present-day maps. The enumeration of 1850 (the first day) was by no means complete. The country was thinly settled and the Government facilities of seventy-three years ago were not as complete nor as carefully employed as today. Only twenty-three cities and their population were separately listed in the first census. They were Austin,629; Bonham, 211; Castroville (Medina county), 366; Comaltown, 286; Corpus Christi, 533; Crockett,156; Eagle Pass, (then in Bexar county) 383; Fredericksburg, 754; Galveston, 4,177; Hortontown, (Comal county), 139; Houston, 2,396; Indianola, 379; Lavaca, 315; Marshall, 1,180; McKinney, 192; Nacogdoches, 468; New Braunfels, 1,298; Palestine, 212; Richmond, 323; Rusk, 355; San Antonio, 3,488; Victoria, 806; and Zodiac (Gillespie county) 160. Only eleven counties were listed, the largest being Harrison, with a population of 11,822, of whom 6,213 were slaves.

Only 15,034 of the people in 1850 were white. There were 397 free negroes and 58,161 slaves. The population given for cities and towns include persons of all classes. Galveston had 678 slaves, Houston, 527; Marshall, 421 and San Antonio, 220. Of the white population throughout the State 84,869 were males and 69,165 females. The persons of foreign birth were shown to be 17,620 of which 4,159 were Mexicans, 8,191 Germans, 1,403 Irish and 1,002 English. The greatest proportion of the native population came from Tennessee, Virginia, Georgia; North Carolina, Alabama, Miss issippi and Kentucky.

The State had only two members of Congress. The northern, or first district, embraced all the territory of a line running from a short distance above the Southwestern corner of Oklahoma, in a semi-circle, including Tarrant and Dallas Counties, and down the Trinity to the coast some distance west of Galveston. The second district reached from the upper Panhandle to Brownsville and including everything west of El Paso. The first members were David S. Kaufman, of Sabinetown, and Timothy Pillsbury, of Brazoria. Kaufman died January 31, 1851, and was succeeded by Volney E. Howard, of San. Antonio.

The enumeration revealed there was only two schools listed as colleges, with seven teachers and 105 pupils. The public schools numbered 349, with 360 teachers and 7,946 pupils. and the annual income of the schools was $44,088. There were 10,583 persons, including free negroes who could not read and write. Under the classification of professions, 701 persons were listed as "blacksmiths and whitesmiths," 1,361 carpenters, 22,054 farmers, 107 boatmen, 8 fishermen, 44 hat and cap manufactures, 155 innkeepers, 152 "rangers," and 11 sailmakers.

Within 100 miles of the Arctic Circle, Cordelia M. Karshner has snceeeded in raising as many as 350 bushels of potatoes to the acre. She has homesteaded a piece of property in Alaska in a valley containing hot springs and it is due to the warmth given off by the springs that she is able to raise to maturity melons and tomatoes.

If the site and buildings of the old Hudson Bay post at Fort Langley, British Columbia, are donated to the Dominion Historic Sites and Monuments Board, that body will repair the old fur-trading post, turn it into a museum and preserve it as a monument to the early pioneers in British Columbia.

Five hundred times more narcotics, in the form of opium and its derivitives, are produced than are legitimately needed. The average age of the 50,000 known addicts in New York State is 23 years.

Surveyed by Austin.

Stephen F. Austin surveyed and laid out the town of Columbus in August, 1823, and planned to make it the capital of his colony. But he found that the Indians frequented the territory along the Colorado River and to the westward, so he abandoned his plan and moved back to the Brazos River and located his capital at San Felipe de Austin.

But the work started by Austin was carried on by two other men, who actually were the first settlers of the place that is now Columbus. These were W. D. Dewees and Leander Beeson. These men lived on opposite sides of the river and each was two miles from the proposed town, but moved to it after Austin's survey.

Dewees wrote to a friend in Kentucky in March, 1823, a part of which letter follows:

"Colorado River, Coahuila and Texas, March 15, 1823.

"About six months since, in company with two families, I came to this river. We struck the river at the crossing of the old La Bahia Road. There were no traces of civilization, nothing to lead us to suppose that the foot of white man had ever trod these plains. All around was wild, and silent. Before us flowed the beautiful Colorado, while about us lay the praries, green and lovely. This is truly an enchanting spot.

"On the side of the river opposite us is a high bluff, which at the season of our arrival was beautiful beyond description. Here the tall grass waving in the wind bent down to kiss the water's edge. The water was low but clear and beautiful. Surrounding this lofty bluff were beautiful trees, apparently for miles around. On this side above us is the timber country with high bluffs of which reminded me of the Cumberland River, on whose grassy banks I whiled away the merry hours of childhood."

Columbus remained a frontier town and a virtual outpost of civilization for several years after the Beasons and Dewees moved there, and it was not until 1835 that it was named Columbus. In 1870 the town was incorporated, but this was not found satisfactory and after 80 years as an incorporated city the corporation was put in the hands of a receiver for dissolution.

J. J. Mansfield, the present congressman from that district, was the man appointed to be the receiver.

Today it remains an unincorporated town and one of the few county seats of its size without a city government.

New Trail Drivers' Volume.

The second volume of "The Trail Drivers of Texas," published under the direction of Geo. W. Saunders, president of the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association, and compiled and edited by J. Marvin Hunter, has just been published.

The book is replete with interesting sketches of early cowboys and their experiences on the range and on the trail during the days that tried men's souls all of which are true narratives related by true cowboys and men who fathered the cattle industry of Texas.

"To the memory of the old trail drivers, the Texas pioneers—to the heroic mothers, fathers—to the young and the brave who fought manfully for proud, imperial Texas, this volume is dedicated." reads the introductory.

The volume has beeu published to present a link in the long chain of Texas history that cannot well be spared if the record is kept straight and posterity is given a true account of the deeds of daring and heroism of the early pioneers of the state of Texas.

The characters mentioned in the book are men of sterling worth and integrity, as has been proven in every instance wherein they came in contact with the problems and difficulties that made for the development of an empire so vast in its possibilities as to excite the envy of the world.

Every page sparkles with the lustre of the deeds well done by a passing generation, and it was the purpose of those who published it to keep bright that lustre, that it may not pale with the fleeting years.

All money obtained from the sale of the books, with the exception of that used for the publication, will go toward a monument fund. This fund will be used to build a monument to the memory of the Old Trail Drivers of Texas.

To those who bought the first volume of the "Trail Drivers of Texas" the second volume is being offered for $2.50 Those who do not possess the first volume may buy the two for $5 or buy either the first or second volume for $3.

Arizona Indian Wars.

Thomas Farrell, in Prescott Courier.

In 1860 I came with the 7th infantry from Utah. There were four companies of the regiment and we established a new fort on the road to Pinos Altos, half way between Rio Mimbres and the Santa Rita copper mines. The fort was called McLean. Receiving my discharge at this point, I worked at Rough and Ready station, 20 miles west of Mecelle. The station master was named Bob Sackett. While I was working there word came from the west that the Apaches were acting hostile; that they had captured a girl of the Pennington family,had outraged her, thrown her over a cliff and left her for dead, but that she had recovered and was at her home. Soon after word came that the Apaches had carried off a boy of Johnny Ward's. These outrages had taken place with but few exceptions, in Mexico. There were but two or three companies of soldiers in Arizona under Capt. Reel. About this time news began to come in of trouble back in the states. Some had been aware of what had been going on, but they kept it to themselves as it was thought that the trouble would be settled inside of three months. I think it was in April when the pay coach was coming through Apache pass after night and a trench was found cut in the road, west of the station. As the wheel mules floundered in the trench a volley was fired from the north side of the road, killing one of the mules. Neil Davis was the conductor. The driver I do not remember. The paymaster's name was Owen Trellor. The clerk was Neil Croker, a young daredevil, and son of Croker of California, a director of the road. Davis sprang down to cut the dead mule from the coach. At the same time Crocker and the paymaster emerged from the coach, each with a messenger shot gun, and turned loose on the brush. The dead mule was pulled out of the way and the team straightened out, the driver having to hold his lines A rope was fastened from the whiffletree to the coach, all this being done under fire, the paymaster and clerk holding the leaders. At the word they let go and sprang to the left side, and as the coach was pulled across the trench the paymaster and clerk jumped into the coach and Davis got up with the driver. The shooting had been heard at the station and the five men there were out and armed. The coach was driven into the corral and a quick change of animals made in order to get out of the canyon before another hold-up could be arranged. They got through all right, and to this day it is not known whether the hold-ups were Mexicans or Indians, as many of the crimes committed in those days were traced to Mexican employes of the company.

Johnny Ward and his neighbors made such a noise about the Indians having carried off his boy that Lieutenant Bascom, with a company of the 7th infantry went to Apache pass to arrest Indian hostages to hold for the return of the boy. The Apaches were called in by the guide to have a pow wow the next day. Cochise and his half brother, with two Pinal chiefs, while talking to Bascomb, denied knowing anything about the boy, and told the lieutenant that what the Indians had they would keep. As Bascomb had arranged beforehand, the strongest and best of his men were ready at a given signal, to grab the chiefs. At the curt response of Cochise the signal was given by the lieutenant, and the four chiefs were seized by the two men each while the balance of the lieutenant's men grabbed their arms and formed a hollow square behind the chief to prevent the other Indians from reaching them. They were moved to a nearby tent under strong guard. The rear guard was a man I knew well named Paddy Carroll. He stood six feet, one inch, was a noted wrestler and the most active man in the regiment. Unknown to his captors, Cochise had a knife secreted on his person when arrested. Lorato,the interpreter, told Cochise that when the boy was returned they would be released. Cochise answered with a grunt. Lorato had hardly turned away before Cochise had cut a hole in the back of the tent. As Cochise sprang through the hole Carroll struck the knife from his hand, dropped his gun and grabbed the Indian,who then grabbed Carroll by the leg, threw him over his head and escaped as the oncoming guard was firing at him without effect. Bascomb moved his camp into the station at once and put his men to digging a trench at two corners of the

corral to cover the four sides of the station, and it was well that he did so, for in two hours after the escape of Cochise he returned with about two hundred bucks nipping at the station.

The guide warned the lieuteenant that in a short time a great many more Indians would appear on the scene, and he was immediately sent to Buchanan to explain the situation, and it was lucky that he did so, or he could not have gotten out, for soon after the hills swarmed with painted yelling savages. Twice they tried to rush the station and each time were driven back with a heavy loss. With half of the force of defenders on the ground at a time things dragged on for two days, with an occasional shot at an Indian who exposed himself. The Indians tried to set fire to the station by filling the air with blazing arrows, but they failed to ignite anything and that was discontinued.

The Indians would crawl as close as they could and shoot arrows into the air so that they would fall into the trench and corral. It was the morning of the third day when the glad sound of a bugle sounding the charge brought all except the guard holding the prisoners, out with gun and cartridge box, and as the cavalry drove the Indians before them the station men and the infantry gave them a warm reception. It was Sergeant Lord with a company of the first dragoons. After resting the horses and getting breakfast there was some scouting for Indians and there was plenty of signs, but no Indians. The next day, leaving ten men as a guard at the station, the soldiers, with the three Indian prisoners, took the back track, but they did not go far with the Indians, as they hung them a little west of where the pay coach was held up. The kid all this trouble was about, any of the Pressscouts, and he was the most reckless of the lot, and was known as Mickey Free.

Rangers Meet at Menard.

The ex-state rangers met at Menard, Friday, September 6, in their annual session. The officers of the organization are W. M. Green, Major commanding, Meridian; J. B. Gillett, Captain, Marfa; Norman Rogers, First Lieutenant. Post; W. W. Lewis, Second Lieutenant, Menard; A. T. Richie, Adjutant, Comanche; Henry Sackett, Orderly Sergeant and Secretary, Coleman; W. H. Roberts, color

CAPT. J. B. GILLETT.
Author "Six Years with Texas Rangers"

bearer, Llano; John O. Allen, chaplain, Cookville.

The ex-rangers, organized two years ago at Weatherford, held their second meeting at Comanche and met this year at Menard. These towns are the scenes of one or more Indian engagements, of which these men are th e last survivors. The organization is limited to men who saw service more than thirty years ago, and, therefore, includes only those who helped to clear Texas of Indians and bad white men of the days of Sam Bass and Nep Thornton.

There has probably never existed in the American continent a group of men so famous for individual courage and fighting ability as the Texas rangers. The force was organized in 1835, when Texas was in revolt against Mexico. It has existed in some form from that day until this. The first force was stationed on the outskirts of the settlements to protect the people from the Indians. When Texas achieved her independence as set up her people were hard put to it for precaution against the enemies that came in from all sides. It was at this time during the Republic that the great ranger Captains developed. Jack Hays was the greatest of them all. About 1840 he was stationed at San Antonio with a bare handful of men to watch the Mexican to the south, fight the Indians on the west and clear the town of desperate characters. Hays had under his command such men as Ben McCulloch, who fell in the Civil War; Ad Gillespie, who was killed at the head of his troops in the battle of Monterey; Big Foot Wallace and many others.

The Cry of the Death Bird Served as a Warning

Isaac Motes, in El Paso Times.

Almost every western frontiersman of 50 years ago believed thoroughly in the existence of the death bird. This bird was supposed to fly around at night and give warning of impending danger. Especially was it believed to be the protector of officers of the law aand women and children. Many old plainsmen will tell you of cases where the death bird was believed to have saved their lives, and woe to the man who heard its cry and heeded it not. So far as I can learn this bird has never been seen by eyes of mortal man in the daytime, but it was supposed to be a medium sized owl with long slender wings, black as midnight, and with an unnaturally large head and beak.

The first time I heard the weird cry of this bird was in 1871 while a Ranger in West Texas. Many Indians still hung upon the Texas frontier and the Rangers were stationed in different sections to protect scattered settlements. In June of this year myself and four other Rangers were stationed at Albany in what is now Shackleford county. Rumors of an Indian raid from the territory (to which the Comanches had been forcibly removed) suddenly reached our village and as most of our force was at Fort Worth, 100 miles away, it was necessary to send word to them to return at once. A friendly Indian called Indian Jim was with us. He had a very fast horse and was sent by our lieutenant to Fort Worth to hurry the return of the Rangers. He set off early one morning, intending to ride the 100 miles and return on the third day. But the third day came to an end and still he did not come. We were now thoroughly alarmed. At noon on the fourth day I mounted my horse at the command of our lieutenant and started for Fort Worth to see what had become of the friendly Indian and to hurry the Rangers north, while the lieutenant sent other men to Fort Concho—150 miles to the south—to notify some Rangers at that fort.

I traveled all that afternoon, keeping as much as possible in the timber and on the ridges as much as possible so as to avoid being ambushed by the Indians. When some fifty miles from Fort Worth and while traveling over flinty, rocky ground, my horse went lame, and I had to travel very cautiously, as it would have been a nasty plight had I been attacked by Indians under these circumstances. Just before dark, as I was riding along the crest of a ridge, I saw what looked like the bobbing up and down of an Indian's head among the hills to my left— getting only a glimpse of it before it disappeared. This made me anxious to reach Clear Fork of the Brazos, where the timber would be a protection in case of attack. I continued to scan the hills to my left,but saw nothing more of the supposed Indian, though there might have been a band of them on the north side of the ridge without my knowing it. Entering the timber of Clear Fork, I felt more secure. It soon grew very dark in those dense woods, and as I feared to travel at night I decided to stay there until daylight. There was no moon and the sky was heavily overcast. Getting well into the timber, I crossed the stream, turned back toward the north and away from the river. After going some 500 yards I turned off sharply to the right, and, found a narrow valley, with high banks, sheltered by drooping limbs of trees and overhanging vines. Here I staked out my horse and rubbed his leg for a while. Then I took the saddle, blanket, rifle and six-shooter and laid down at the foot of a large postoak with wide spreading branches. The night was warm, the sky became blacker and blacker, and the sound of distant thunder reached my ears at intervals so I drew my slicker over my shoulders and across my rifle and sixshooter and went to sleep.

About midnight I was awakened by thunder and occasional flashes of lightning. There was a feelng of deep uneasiness in my heart, as though something else had helped to wake me. Almost immediately I heard the hooting of an owl up the river a hundred yards or so. Three times I heard it. At first I paid no heed to it, but the next time I noted it more inteently and thought it sounded unnatural. The third time I felt this more strongly. I knew it was a habit of Indians to imitate the hoot of an owl or howl of a wolf as a signal to others of their band when they were creeping upon white men from different

directions. Not more than a minute after I heard the owl the third time I heard another over to the east of me. I lay still, listening for a repetitionof the sound, that I might tell if possible whether it were really an owl. The lightning occasionlly flamed in zigzags across the black sky. I must have waited half an hour, straining my eyes every time the lightning flashed, when all at once I heard the scream of the death bird overhead. From the sound of its cry it seemed to have been sitting on one of the topmost limbs, and cried as it started to fly away, as I could tell by the long drawn out wailing sound. Immediately after this cry a flash of lightning filled the whole river bottom with a white blinding light, and I expected every second to receive a shower of arrows in my body from some band of lurking savages, but the light faded and the same intense darkness succeeded. Hastily placing my blanket and slicker on top of my saddle, so as to look like a man, I made sure that my sixshooter was safely in its belt;then hugging my rifle to my bosom, I rolled noiselessly away from the tree down the slight decline of the valley to the south in the opposite direction from which I had heard the first owl. Whenever a flash of lightning came I stopped and remained perfectly still until darkness came again In this way I got perhaps 100 feet from the tree;then stpped turneed my head so as to watch both directions from which I had heard the shootin of the owls,and waited.

Almost before I had stopped rolling I heard a low whinney from my horse. This surprised me, for during the six years I had ridden him I had never known him to do such a thing before. A Ranger's horse seems to know instinctively that it must be quiet when its master is camped at night in dangerous territory. So I strained my eyes harder than ever in that direction, waiting for the next flash of lightning to show me some new danger; but the next flash came and I saw nothing. A minute after I got into my new position there came a vivid flash and I barely made out some dark object beyond my horse. It was too indistinct to risk a shot at, as the flash of my rifle would disclose my position to the Indians if they were near. I glued my eyes on this object—intending to watch it very closely the next time the lightning came. Then the flash came and simultaneously I heard the sharp twang of a bow string followed by the thud of an arrow as it struck my saddle under the tree. The next second, before the flash died out, I heard the twang of another bow string, equally strong,somewhat in the direection of the dark object I had noticed out beyond my horse, and immediately the death yell of an Indian just north of the tree under which I had been lying. I heard him groan several times, more and more feebly. Still I saw nothing to shoot at. The fact that one Indian had shot another Indian filled me with wonder. I was now anxious to get closer to my horse, and while debating what was best to do, I again heard a gentle whinney from him, followed by a very low whistle which well nigh brought me to my feet. To no other human being could that whistle belong except to Indian Jim. I gave a low whistle. No answer. I then began to crawl in the direction during periods of darkness and finally reached him where he lay a little distance from my horse, just where I had seen the dark object—for it was really Indian Jim lying there in the bushes, and yet I had been only waiting for the next flash of lightning to shoot him, had the twang of the bow string not stopped me. After a close handclasp we lay still as death for more than an hour, waiting and watching for signs of hostile Indians. Then in low whispers he told me that he had reached the river late that night and had accidently selected this place to camp, without knowing I was there. It was the sight of Indian Jim that caused my horse to whinney so unexpectedly. We spent the remainder of the night there in the bushes, fearing to move lest there might be more Indians near.

At daylight we walked in the direction from which we had heard the Indian yell and found a big Comanche with Jim's arrow sticking through his chest from front to back. Examining the dummy I left under the tree, we found the Comanche's arrow had gone clean through the heavy slicker and two folds of blanket and had embedded itself deep into my saddle—a shot that that would certainly have killed me if had not been warned by the death bird in time to move. It was the Comanche who had hooted first, hoping some of his tribe might be near; but instead he had received an answer from Indian Jim.

The Lipan Indian Tribe.

Among the Indian tribes whose friendship for the white settlers in Texas was steadfast and faithful, was the tribe of Lipans of which Flacco was the chief. This tribe was not of the more numerous of the Indian communities—it was just the other way; it was a small tribe. But it was a valuable ally of the settlers and on more than one occasion gave valiant assistance to the hard-pressed settlers in their fights with the fierce Comanches

Old Chief Flacco had a son, a dashing young fellow who was the bravest of his tribe. He assumed a place in the tribe next to his father, and his friendship for the settlers was loyal. As evidence of their regard for him, members of the Texas government presented him with a colonel's uniform. The gift included a gay cocked hat with a brilliant plume and a sword. Then the Texas government bestowed on young Flacco the title "colonel." These distinctions pleased the young Indian immensely, and he used to ride into Austin decked out in his uniform and sitting up very straight on his horse, with his sword clanking by his side. One of the men at the captial taught him to write his name and he took pride in writing it on every possible occasion. He alwaws wrote his signature in Spanish fashion, "Flacco, colonel."

An expedition against Mexico was organized in the summer of 1842, and young Flacco was engaged to serve as scout. He took with him a fellow tribesman, a deaf and dumb Indian whose sense of sight was marvelously developed. and the two Lipans acted as scouts and spies for the army. They rendered valuable service and received their share of spoils taken in various battles along the Rio Grande. When the army reached Laredo, some members of the party decided to return home, and the Indians accompanied them. Each member of the party was laden with booty, guns, ammunition, blankets and horses. When they reached the Medina river Flacco's deaf and dumb comrade was taken sick and the two stopped to rest until he improved. The other members of the party went on. The following morning the leader of the party, which had proceeded several miles from the spot where the Indians were left, noted that two members of his party, both white men, were missing. Several days later these men were discovered in Seguin. They had Flacco's horses and blankets. It needed only a little investigation to find that the Indians had been murdered by their treacherous white allies. When the dead bodies of the Indians scouts were discovered the other members of the party were grieved and outraged. Moreover, they had cause to feel alarm, for such treacherous treatment of the son of the tribal chief would not be lightly passed by when it came to the ears of the old chief himself. The Lipans were good friends, but they could be good enemies, and the settlers feared that such an occurence was just the thing to make them such. It is said that when old Flacco became uneasy over his son's continued absence and began to inquire longingly for news of the expedition in which his son had enlissted, and at last had letters written to Gen. Burleson and President Houston, he was told that his young brave had been murdered by the Mexican bandits. President Houston lent to this fabrication the dignity of his official statement, and along with the story of young Flacco's death he sent condolences to the chiief of the Lipans, "friends of the white men." Senor Antonio Navarro, a friend in whom the Lipans had unbounded confidence, helped the settlers by sending the old chief a statement corroborating the rumor. Perhaps it took much temporizing with a conscience on the part of Gen. Houston and members of his government to bring the official administration of the state to do this lie. But it seemed the wisest plan, for nobody but the two ruffians who perpetrated the murder had ever dreamed of doing ill to the dashing and loyal young Indian prince. Certainly it seemed useless to stir the tribe of warriors into a frenzy of rage in which many innocent persons would be victims Whatever became of the actual murderers is not recorded.

One of the interesting fights in which the Lipans were banded in with the white settlers against the Comanches took place in the winter of 1839, and is recorded in the history of Indian depredations in Texas as the San Saba fight. In this case it appears that the Lipans stirred the whites into action to gain an advantage for themselves. Some Lipan scouts discovered a camp of the rival tribe on

the San Gabriel, fifty miles from Austin. and the Lipans realizing that their force was too weak to risk an attack on numerous Comanches, hurried to the white settlements to report the discovery and volunteer their assistance to the settlers. The Texans were very glad to have the help of their Indian allies, for there were no garrisons in the vicinity at the time, and a camp of Comanche Indians meant constant peril to the settlements. Preparations were made to engage with the Comanches. A party was organized and Col. John H. Moore was given command. Small companies were raised, both in La Grange and Bastrop, making a total of about 60 fighting men, in addition to the Indian allies. When this party reached the San Gabriel the Comanche camp was found deserted; they had moved. For three days scouting parties were trying to locate the enemy, and in the meantime a severe norther with frost came, and some of the horses were frozen to death. A gun was accidently discharged and severely wounded one of the men. On the fourth day the storm calmed, but there was snow on the ground, and it seemed impossible to follow the Comanches. Finally their camp was discovered and the attack was made at daybreak on the fifth day. The Indians were sleeping and the volley of musketry which poured into their lodges awakened them to a panic. Half-awake, the Indians were running in all directions, the shrill shrieks of the squaws rent the air, and the camp was in frightful disorder. The white men and their Lipan allies were in the midst of the panic, clubbing Comanches and firing at close range. Just at this stage of attack Col. Moore ordered a retreat and the attacking party was thrown into confusion, for some obeyed the order and some did not. The Comanches quickly realized the situation and rallied their forces and drove their assailants back to a ravine where they took refuge. The Comanches made a charge to drive them from this ravine, when the leader of the charge, who was in advance of the others, was promptly cut down by a bullet. The other Indians rushed forward to rescue their wounded leader but the firing from the ravine was steady and continous and no rescuer ever reached him. He lay there firing arrows upward for several minutes, and many of these arrows fell among the ambushed party in the ravine. At last a young Flacco rushed out to the wounded warrior and ran him through with a lance. He tried to scalp him but the Comanches were coming at a furious charge so he caught up the fallen shield of the dead Indian and rushed back to the ravine. Finally the Comanches withdrew and never got within range of the rifles again.

They slipped around the camp of the party, took the horses of the white men, leaving the worst of their horses instead and galloped away.

Old Dances in Vogue

Reports are coming from mountain resorts, and from the seashore that old square dances and the Virginia reel are very much in favor, and the secret is that they permit of so much grace and poise. Southern people of the old school and those trained by such mothers will be glad to hear this.

Who would not like to hear the old colored fiddler call out the figures as of yore?

Some one away out in the West made a rhyme of many of the calls. These are sung in rhythm and when the dancers are good ones the dancing is a picture of perfect rhythmic motion. The call is entitle "Cheat or Swing," and is a perfect riot of movement, absolutely different to jazz, but quite as jolly.

"Git yer little sage hens ready,
Balance all an' do se do,
Swing your girls an' run away;
Right and left an gents sasshay;
Gents to right an' swing or cheat;
On to next gal an' repeat;
Balance next and don't be shy,
Swing your pard an' swing her high.
Bunch the gals and circle 'round,
Whack yer feet until they sound,
Form a basket. Break away,
Swing and kiss an' all git gay.
All men left an' balance all,
Lift yer hoofs and let 'em fall.
Swing yer opposites. Swing agin.
Kiss the sage hens if you kin.
Back to pardners do se do,
All jine hands an' off and go.
Gents serlute yer little sweets,
Hitch and promenande to seats."

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The Hunt for the Bowie Mine in Menard

By John Warren Hunter

In 1756 the Franciscan Missionaries erected the San Saba Mission on the north bank of the San Saba river, one mile above the site whereon now stands the flourishing town of Menard. At the same time they built a mission four miles below the San Saba mission on the south bank of the river. A year later this mission was destroyed by the Indians, but the upper mission continued to enlarge and flourish until 1790, when it was also attacked and destroyed by the Indians. Sometime during the occupancy of this mission the Spaniards discovered and developed a silver mine which was said to be of exceeding richness and which, in the end, led to the downfall of the mission and the close of missionary effort in the San Saba country. There has always existed a doubt in the public mind as to whether the Spaniards ever discovered a silver mine on the banks of the San Saba. Geologists find no indications that would warrant even a remote supposition that silver had ever existed in paying qualities anywhere in all that region, yet notwithstanding all this, history and tradition attest the existence of a silver mine so often referred to by old Spanish chroniclers as "La Mina de las Almagres," and "La Mina de las Amarillos," and in modern times as "the Bowie Mine."

According to tradition, when the mission was destroyed in 1790 ,every vestige of the mine was removed by the Indians and thereafter its location became only a tradition until some forty years later when, through the friendship of the Apaches James Bowie became possessed of the secret and in 1832 organized an expedition in San Antonio for its recovery and development. The battle of Calf creek, where Bowie encountered a large force of Indians, defeated the object of this expedition. Bowie returned to San Antonio, became a leader in the Texas Revolution, fell in the Alamo butchery, and the secret of the "Bowie Mine" went down with him.

Since the days of Bowie, the search for the Almagres mine has been prosecuted with a vigor and persistency seldom equaled in the annals of mining history in Texas. For nearly seventy years prospectors, mine seekers and the hunters for hidden treasure have continuously explored every hill, valley, creek, rivulet and cliff in Menard county and even today the man with a "chart" mysterious in wording and dubious in form, and the man with the mineral rod guaranteed to find the metal "if used according to directions"—these may be found digging, delving and exploring the Menard hills, and out-of-the-way places, seeking to locate the "Lost Mine."

Twenty years ago, even later, these charts of the old Bowie mine were almost as plentiful as mining experts. At one period the "chart" business became a flourishing industry and San Antonio was headquarters for the manufacturers. Shrewd men took advantage of the credulity of mine hunters and coined money. They secured a certain good quality of parchment paper, and with pen and ink drew up a "chart" purporting to be a map of the locality sought and when finished (half hour's work) it revealed a creek or branch, a few trees here and there, one or two large boulders, and a few other land marks. On a tree was a Roman cross, barely discernable, on a boulder, an arrow pointing, supposedly to the former entrance to the mine: somewhere on the face of the document appeared a date, for instance "1786", this to add to its appearance of age. Then there were a few words, only a few, written down at various places on the sheet. Usually these were Spanish verbs, such as "haber," "hallo," "conocido," etc., disconnected and meaningless. This document was then subjected to a certain temperature in the stove and when it came out of the hot air chamber, it bore all the ear marks of the extreme age and, oftimes, dilapidation.

These chartmakers were ever on the alert for these mine hunters and of the latter there has never been a dearth. Around the corner somewhere, these sharpers had an old Mexican, probably several, "staked out," and when they found a victim he was told in glowing terms of the "Lost Bowie Mine," on the San Saba, its untold riches, and all about how it came to be lost. "In this town," they would say, "lives an old Mexican who, when a young man, worked for the Spaniards in the Bowie mine,

and when the Indians destroyed the mine and massacred the miners this old man escaped and came to San Antonio where he made a complete map of the mine and vicinity, expecting to go back there some day, but misfortune followed, and now he is too old and feeble to make the journey. Why any little child could take it and go right to the mine. Sell it? Very doubtful. He holds it as sacred, although with a great deal of diplomacy and plenty of money, he might be induced to part with the precious document."

This was only a prelude to the negotiations which nearly always ended in a trade, and the victim paid—according to his means—from $25 to $500 for a "chart" which was no more, no less, than a sheet of worthless paper. Armed with this document, the proud possessor set out for Menard while golden visions of untold wealth nerved him for any toil and hardship that might be in store. Numbers of these deluded men have come to me with their "charts" fresh from the "factory" and asked me to translate the mysterious words that were written therein. When I explained that these words were disconnected and meaningless, they would get mad and cuss, and tell me to my face that I did not know any more about the Spanish language than a bat, and when I would tell them where these charts were made and how they, the purchasers, had been duped and victimized they called me a d—d fool.

But the poor, credulous, tramp mine prospector was not the only one led off by the lure of the Lost Mine. There were others, among whom were men of wealth and noted for their high attainments in business and in professions. Ben F. Gooch, a one-time wealthy stockman at Mason, was so sure that he had found the Bowie mine that he spent $1500 sinking a shaft, a deep hole in the ground, which iis yet pointed out as "Gooch's Folly." While sinking the shaft great secrecy was maintained, visitors were not allowed around, and when the work was abandoned an Irishman who had toiled last in the shaft was asked if he ever found anything of value in that hole in the ground. "Only a plug of tobaccy, sor, that some poor divil let fall adowin' the shaft!" A distinguished lawyer, now on the bench in the Supreme Court, spent $500 in another hole in the ground in Menard, while W. T. Burnam invested $1500 in machinery with which he pumped out a cave discovered on the divide north of the old mission. Failing to find the coveted mine at this point the machinery was moved and set up on the margin of a small artificial lake just above the town of Menard, and a few hundred yards south of the old Mission ruins. Somebody had a "chart" and there could be no mistake. The Spaniards had created this pond or lake for a purpose. Into it led the old canal, which remains to this day, taken out at the old Spanish dam just above the mission. The Almagres (Bowie) mine entrance was at the bottom of this lake, which had been flooded by the Spaniards at the last moment. Such was the argument of the man who owned the "chart" and his argument prevailed to the extent that the machinery was put in motion, and the lake pumped dry. Everybody and his folks got all the fish they could carry off and that was the only result of the costly enterprise.

Many years ago a man with a small crucible and a "chart" came along and in company with two or three prominent citizens of Menard drove out on a small tributary of the San Saba, where by the aid of his "chart" he located the mine. At his request and to show a spirit of fairness, one of his companions gathered up a few rocks from the stony surface of the ground and carried them back to town for further use. That evening in the presence of these and other gentlemen, these rocks were placed in the crucible and subjected to intense heat and presto! a large per cent of the pure bright, gleaming silver! Other tests were made, other trips made to the same locality, other liimestone rocks brought in by different parties and all these "samples" yielded an enormous per cent of pure silver. Before that time the section of land on which this vast silver wealth was found went begging for a buyer at 50 cents an acre. When the visiting stranger with his sleight-of-hand his handy pocket change, consisting of dimes, quarters and half dollars, and his little crucible, came along and made such wonderful revelations, men ran over each other to buy that section of land, and it is needless to say that the agent was located in Menard and got a big price for the property. Nor is it unfair to state that the stranger with his legerdemain, his pocket change and his portable crucible was the real owner of

that particular section of land on Silver Mine creek, but this fact of ownership he failed to impart at that time to his auditors. His agent at Mason did the rest.

A man by the name of Fischer, a typical old-time mining prospector, came along in the early 90's and pried up rocks and things in general around Menard. He came up from San Antonio where he had paid a large sum for a "chart." When he reached Menard I don't think he had a dollar, but somebody with money and probably land to sell, staked him and he buckled down to work. He it was that had the lake pumped out as his contention, based on the heiroglyphics of his "chart," was that the lake concealed the mouth of the tunnel extended back to the mine under the high hill or mountain, at whose base the sheet of water nestled. The pumping of the lake having failed to reveal any excavation that looked like a mining tunnel, Fischer next turned his attention to the top of the hill. The mine was in the bowels of that mountain. Of this there could be no doubt. Correctly translated his "chart" said so, and the old Mexican who prepared that chart knew what he was talking about because he had worked in that mine under the Spaniards. Of course! But Fischer did not pause to ascertain the fact that in 1790, the last Spaniard was killed or expelled from that region.

Fischer erected derricks and windlasses, employed hands and went about sinking a shaft from the top of that mountain, and after having gone down a great way, he got one of his fingers bitten off in a pulley, went away to have it treated and never showed up any more.

I have mentioned only a few of the hundreds of instances wherein men have expended a vast amount of toil and treasure vainly seeking the Bowie mine in Menard county, and be it said to the credit of the people of that section, they have never attempted to exploit that asset, if such it may be called, merely for gain, although it has been the means of bringing thousands of dollars into the country by those who sought to locate the Almagres mine. One will scarcely find a man in Menard who believes that there ever was a silver mine in all that region and the average citizen looks askance upon the man who comes in their midst looking for the Bowie mine. They have witnessed so many attempts, have seen so many failures, yet, were they disposed they could everlastingly boost the Lost Mine proposition, more than double the influx of mine seekers and prospectors thereby adding immensely to their revenues, but they are honest—too honest to encourage men to spend their money in the search for the Bowie mine in Menard.

Reaches 27th Volume.

The twenty-seventh volume of the Southwestern Historical Quarterly begins with the July number, recently issued at Austin. Its editors are proud of the record made, as there has been no interruption of its regular publication dur all these years.

The interesting memoirs of Major George Bernard Erath, continued from two preceding numbers, combine in one section surveying and Indian fighting; in another they present "The Expedition to the Rio Grande, Under General Somervell, and the Battle of Mier, 1842."

The Bryan-Hayes correspondence is continued from December 30, 1877, the letters being from Colonel Bryan. This correspondence seems to have been preserved with special care on the part of Hayes, and it is a matter of regret that the frequent removals of Colonel Bryan, together with damage by storms, contributed to prevent the presentation of more of the Hayes letters.

"The Negotiation of the Gadsden Treaty," by J. Fred Rippy, is a revealing exposition of the diplomatic proceedings which resulted in establishing disputed boundary lines and linking together the western possessions of the United States. The writer is thoroughly conversant with his subject, and throws light upon dark places in a transaction of the utmost importance, yet one with which the general public is but slightly acquainted.

Among the features of the annual meeting of the Texas State Historical Association was the appointment of a committee to urge the organization of county historical societies, the report of this committee under the title, "A Plea for County Historical Societies," covers nearly three pages of the report, and is signed by Alexander Dienst of Temple, Charles W. Ramsdell of Austin, George W. Tyler of Temple and Elizabeth West, State Library, Austin.

The review of the book entitled

"Opening a Highway to the Pacific, 1838-1846," by James Christy Bell, Jr., contributed by George Verne Blue of the University of California, is a criticism expressing approval of some features, strong disapprobation of others.

The names of new members elected at the annual meeting—37 in all—and the treasurer's report, complete the volume.

The death of Judge Zachary Taylor Fulmore, one of the founders of the association having, occurred on June 23 at Austin, a page in the quarterly was set aside for a brief record of his faithful service in furthering the interests of the association, his official positions, and contributions to the quarterly.

RANGER OF THE SIXTIES

W. T. Linn, aged 82, Texas Ranger of the 60's and Confederate veteran with a commendable record, is a citizen of San Saba and one of a very few Texas Rangers living who made up that noted frontier company that was organized at the outbreak of the Civil War and was composed of men from San Saba, Mason, Llano and Burnet counties.

Mr. Linn recalls the following men from San Saba county; J. B. Pyatt, B. M. Hamrick, T. F. Hamrick, B. Gammenthaler, W. T. Linn, Ben Linn, Henry Farrer, A. J. Hubbert, Allen Taylor, J. A. Taylor, Henry Woods, A. J. Brown, R. G. Binnion, Joe Hanna, Jack Hanna, Dick Nelson,, Tom Potts, Lewis Mulky, B. G. Cook, John Hall.

Burnet County:
First Lieutenant Woods, Newt Lawler, Mose Bolt, Zan Fisher, William Stokes, Zane Stokes, Charles Vandiver, John Olney, William Seawood, Sam Olney, John Aultman, Joe Aultman, Thomas Fry, William Brooks, William Bauntley, Al Brooks, Dr. Hansford, Bill Standifer, Jake Standifer, Tom Wolf, Rickman Holland, Jeff Bresbeale, Robert Flippen, Duke Snow, Matt Allen, John Lord, Jim Ward, Scott Pankey.

Mason County: John O. Hair, James Crosby, Robert Cavness, Thomas Lindsey, Kit Woods.

Llano County: Code Charles Haynes, Ben Gibson, John Russell, Hardin Russell, Robert Hardin, Cal Putman, Lib Rainbolt, Nathan Noble, Brooks and Barker, whose first names he has forgotten.

The company went into camp on the Hall ranch, three miles from where the town of Richland Springs now is, on Richland Creek. The company afterwards went into camp at Old Camp San Saba, between Brady and Mason. This company of mounted men, with their own fighting equipument, was mustered into the Confederate Army in 1863, and retained their individual equipment until mustered out of the army. Col. McCord commanded the regiment and N. D. McMillin was company commander with T. P. C. Hambrick and James McDowel lieutenants; Dr. Hansford was the company physician. At the close of the war this company was mustered out at Velasco, at the mouth of the Brazos River.

Descendants of these men make up a large percent of the citizenry of San Saba, Mason, Llano and Burnet counties. Mr. Linn believes Lewis Mulkey, Charles Vandiver and William Seawood are the only living men besides himself of the memorable company.

Pioneer Is Dead.

August Cline, 90 years old, one of the best known pioneers of Texas and founder of the town of Cline, Uvalde county died in Cline, Sunday, September 9. The body was interred at San Antonio in the National Cemetery.

Mr. Cline, who was a native of Prussia, came to the United States at an early age. He was a companion and co-worker with Kit Carson in the early days of the New Mexico Indian campaign. He seryed as a scout for the United States Army, working under many famous generals of the army. Mr. Cline was chief scout for General McKenzie in his last campaign against the Indians in Western Texas.

Not only did he take an active part in the campaigns of the United States against the uncivilized Indians, but Mr. Cline had several personal encounters. The story is told of how, he, alone, repulsed an attack by the Indians, killing one and putting the remainder to flight.

In addition to serving the army as a scout, Mr. Cline served in the army thirty years, being retired from the Fourth Cavalry as a sergeant. He also was one of the first pony express riders, carrying mail between Tucson, Ariz., and California, and was present at the time the "Golden Spike" connecting the G. H. & S. A. and S. P. railroads, was driven. For 40 years, he was postmaster at the town of Cline.

Remarkable Life Story of Quanah Parker

Quanah Parker, the celebrated Comanche chief, who died suddenly at his home on the Comanche reservation four miles west of Cache, Okla., Feb. 23, 1911, had a most remarkable history. Parker was the son of Peta Nocona, one of the most ferocious and daring Comanche chiefs known in the annals of Indian warfare; his mother was Cynthia Ann Parker, a white woman of a pious and God fearing family that lived near Groesbeck, Limestone County, Texas, where she was captured in 1836 by a band of Comanches and Kiowas led by Peta Nocona. At the time of his death Quanah Parker was 67 years old, having been born in 1844, eight years after the capture of his mother by his father. Priorto 1847 when the Comanche tribes were compelled to live on reservations prescribed by the Federal Government, Parker's life had been spent among scenes of rapine and bloodshed, and many deadly struggles had he witnessed and participated in between the red race of his father and the white race to which his mother belonged.

The story of Quanah Parker's life really begins with the emigration from Cole County, Illinois, to Texas in 1833, of his mother's grandfather, John W. Parker, and her father, Silas M. Parker and numerous relatives who settled in Limestone County, on the west side of the Navasota River, and near the present site of the town of Groesbeck. There were nine families in the Parker colony. They began their new home by clearing land and constructing habitations, which they surrounded with stockade, as was customary for protection in the pioneer days. This settlement was called Parker's Fort, and was on the outskirts of white settlement in the northwest part of the State. The colony remained in peace and happiness, clearing land, planting crops and living on the bountiful supply of wild game, until the beginning of the war of 1836, when rumors of the approach of Mexican forces and Indian allies caused them to flee to the settlements on the Trinity river for safety. However, after General Houston's victory at San Jacinto they returned to Fort Parker, and were again in possession of their forrest homes and care free, little dreaming that within a short time a cruel fate would put them at the mercy of the most dreaded of all foes—the terrible Comanches.

May 18,1836, the fort was occupied by Elder John W. Parker, the patriarch of the colony, and his wife, his son, Jamees W. Parker, and his wife and four children; Benjamin Parker, unmarried son; another son, Silam M. Parker, his wife and four children, named Cynthia Ann, aged 9 years (the mother-to-be of Quanah Parker); John, aged 6 years (who was also captured) Silas Parker, Jr., aged two years (the father of Mrs. R. M. Russell,) and Baby Orlena. Others in the fort ad related to the Parkers were L. M. T. Plummer, his wife and son James, aged 2 years; L. D. Nixon, his wife, Robert, a grown son, and another son; G. E. Dwight, his wife and two children, and Mrs. Duty and Mrs. Elizabeth Kellogg.

On the morning of Thursday, May 19, 1836, James W. Parker, Plummer and Nixon went to work early in the fields about a mile from the fort without suspecting that a large body of Indians was near at hand. About 9 o'clock in the morning this band of Indians appeared at the gate of the stockade and made inquiries of a place to camp where there was water. Benjamin F. Parker went out to talk with them, when they also demanded a beef. Parker returned to the fort and said the Indians were in an ugly mood and he believed they meant to fight. However he went out to them again to offer them a beef and endeavor to pacify them. As soon as he appeared he was set upon and killed, and the Indians, yelling and whooping, made a dash for the gate of the stockade. There ensued a desperate fight in which Elder John Parker, Silam M. Parker (father of Cynthia Ann) Samuel M. Frost and Robert Frost were also killed, and Mrs. John Parker and Mrs. Duty wounded.

Mrs. L. D. Nixon escaped from the stockade and made her way to her husband and two companions in the field and informed them of the massacre. One of these rode hurriedly to a settlement about two miles distant, where were at this time David Faulkenberry and a son; Silas Bates and a b y named Abram Anglin. These men went to the fort while the Indians withdrew, taking with them the two children of Silam M. Parker Cynthia Ann and John; Mrs. L. M. T.

Plummer and her young son, James, and Mrs. Elizabeth Kellogg.

Of these captives, Mrs. Kellogg fell in the hands of the Keechis, from whom she was purchased by the Delawares and they took her to Nacogdoches, where she was ransomed by General Sam Houston for $150 about six months after her capture.

Mrs. Plummer was ransomed by William Donohue, Santa Fe trader, in the latter part of 1837 and was delivered to her relatives in 1837. James Pratt Plummer, the child, was ransomed at Fort Gibson in 1842. John and Cynthia Ann Parker were separated, John being transferred to another band of Comanches, and until the battle of Pease River, between the Comanches and Texas Rangers under Captain L. S. Ross in 1860, the Parker children had not been heard from, except once, about four years after the capture, when Cynthia Ann was seen with a band by a party of traders.

In 1858 the Comanches again began to raid and pillage the settlers extensively in the territory of Jack, Parker and Palo Pinto counties. Many settlers were killed and their houses burned before Colonel John S. Ford—"Old Rip"—was sent after them with his rangers. In May, 1858, Colonel Ford, Captain S. P. Ross and Captain W. A. Pitts with a company of a hundred Rangers and accompanied by about a hundred Tonkaway Indians under the command of the celebrated chief Placido, pursued the Comanches, led by old Iron Jacket and Peta Nocona, the father of Quanah Parker, and on May 12, met them in the Antelope Hills, on the South Canadian River, where a big fight took place, in which the Comanches were defeated, but Peta Nocona and his wife, Cynthia Ann, who was in the battle escaped.

Captain Billy Pitts, who was a lieutenant in Ross' ompany in this fight tells an amusing incident of the battle of Antelope Hills. The Tonkaways, who were the confederates of the Texans, were hereitary foes of the Comanches, and they were, as was the case in several other tribes, accustomed to celebrating their victories by roasting and eating the hands and feet of their slain adversaries. On the night after the battle of Antelope Hills, Captain Pitt said that he and the other Rangers were asleep on the ground near the camp fire, with their heads resting on their saddles, while the Tonkaways were around the fire cooking and eating as was their wont.

"About midnight," said Captain Pitts, "I was awakened by hearing some one calling: 'Beel! Beel!' and I recognized it as the voice of Charlie, a young chief of the 'Tonks' who afterwards became head chief when Placido was killed. Without opening my eyes, I called out: 'What do you want, Charley?' Charley was quite near me and he replied: 'Beel, here Comanche; d— good; eat 'em.' I opened my eyes and by the light of the fire saw suspended over my face a thing that looked like a huge tarantula, while Charley kept repeating: 'Comanche; d— good; eat.' I found it was the hand of a Comanche that had been broiled on the coals. The interruption woke me for good and I went over to the camp fire, where I saw the 'Tonks' had a lot of hands and feet of the slain Comanches, which they were broiling and eating. I had a 'goneness' worse than Charley's, but I didn't eat."

In September, 1858, another battle was fought in the Wichita mountains near the present site of Quannah Parker's home between the Comanches and some United States troops under the command of Major Van Dorn and a company of Indian scouts under the command of Captain L. S. Ross. In this battle a young white girl was captured whose name or parents were never discovered. She was taken in the home of Captain Ross and given the name of Lizzie Ross. These battles with the Comanches in 1858 served to keep them from raiding the white settlements for two years.

In 1860, however they began again in the same territory. Governor Houston, to chastise them, authorized Captain L. S. Ross to raise a special company of Rangers for the purpose. He got together forty men, and aided by a detachment of 20 United States ssoldiers and a company of volunteers under Captain Jack Cureton of Bosque county, marched against them. They came upon the main body under Peta Nocona on the Pease River on Dec. 18, 1860, and engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. Peta Nocona with a girl behind him and Cynthia Ann on another horse, with a child 2 years old in her arms, fled from the battlefield pursued by Captain Ross and Lieutenant Killiher and after running about a mile captured Cynthia Ann, while Captain Ross, kept on after Peta Nocona. Final-

ly the girl behind Peta was killed by a shot, and she, in falling from the horse, pulled Peta also. Peta, as the momentum carried Ross by him, let go several arrows, but missed Ross, who by a chance shot, broke the Indian's arm and afterwards fired two shots in his body. It was soon discovered that the woman captured by Kelliher was a white woman from her blue eyes, there being no other indication, neither could she speak a word of her native tongue.

Considerable time elapsed before it was known who she was. Finally some one mentioned the name "Cynthia Ann" when she pointed toward herself and said, "Cynthia Ann, Cynthia Ann."

There have been many conflicting statements as to the time and manner of the death of Quanah Parker's father. On Oct. 24, 1910, Parker made a speech at the Dallas Fair, in which he is reported as having stated that his father was not killed at the battle of Pease river, but died several years later. Another account says that Peta Nocona was not in the battle of Pease river, which is wholly improbable, since his wife and child were captured at that fight. One account says that Peta, refusing to surrender after being shot, and endeavoring to strike Captain Ross with a spear was killed by a Mexican interpreter with the Texas forces.

Captain W. A. Pitts had often talked with Captain L. S. Ross (later general in the Confederate army and Governor of Texas) about the fight, and he said that Peta Nocona was killed in it by himself.

From the best accounts, it appears that the little daughter of Cynthia Ann, "Prairie Flower," who was taken with her, died in 1864, and Cynthia Ann in 1870 and was buried in "Foster's graveyard" in Henderson County. On Dec. 4, 1910 Quanah Parker removed the remains of his mother to his home near Cache, Okla., and he now sleeps beside her.

Parker was a remarkable man in many respects. Of powerful frame, tall and of commanding appearance, with a piercing eye, he was the ideal of a warrior. He was a man of much prudence and wisdom and did more than any other red man to pacify those of his race and encourage them to be contented with the reservation life. At the time of his death he was the head chief of the Comanches Kiowas and Apaches. He was a great believer in education, and several of his fifteen children had the advantage of a college education. One of his daughters, Neda is the wife of A. C. Birdsong, a United States Indian agent at Cache, whose father, Hon. J. L. Birdsong, was a member of the Texas Legislature from Harrison County.

Quanah Parker had three wives, the favorite, it is said, being the daughter of Yellow Bear, who died from asphyxiation of gas in the Pickwick hotel at Fort Worth in 1885, while she and Quanah were on a visit to that city. Parker County is named for the family of Quanah's mother, and Quanah, Hardeman County is named for him. Quanah traveled considerably and acquired much information about the civilization of the white race. He was one of nature's noblemen, with the philosophic mind of one who communes with the elements. In his speech at the Dallas Fair, in telling how he tried to influence his people to do right, he said: "But some of my Indians no good, same like some white men."

He was the commander and leader of his people in all things. Some years ago a Methodist campmeeting was held near his home, which was atteended by thousands of Comanches and other Indians. One of his daughters importuned him to join the church of his mother's God. When the time came for sinners to go to the mourner's bench he arose, and taking his hat waved it aloft, and telling his people to " come on." He was the leader and believed that what was good for him was good for them also.

Massacre of the Webster Party.

In this number is published an account of the massacre of John Webster and party in 1839. Be sure to read this article for in our next issue we will give an account of the same occurrence as related by Mrs. Martha Virginia Webster Simmons, who was one of the Webster children carried off by the Indians at that time. The account we will publish next month was written by Mrs. Simmons a few years ago, when she was seventy-six years old, and the sad story of this awful tragedy is told in her own way. She relates incidents of captivity of her mother and herself, and tells of the cruelty of the savages, and finally how they escaped and reached San Antonio in an exhausted condition.

Belief in the Efficacy of the Madstone.

Belief in the efficacy of the madstone as a preventive of hydrophobia is beginning to wane, though there are still many intelligent men, some of whom are learned in science, who believe the application of the madstone will prevent rabies.

The madstone, according to physicians who have studied the subject, was first used by the Indians. The genuine madstone is a hard substance usually taken from the stomache of some animal, and is unusually porous, partly becaue of the fact that it contains strands of hair. Its formation in the deer particularly is due to a form of indigestion, the animal licking up earth with its salt and swallowing its hair in shedding time.

Because of its porosity the madstone readily absorbs almost any sort of liquid and therefore when applied to a fresh cut or scar, is likely to stick either until it saturated or until all the blood in the veins and arteries near the scar has been sucked out.

When the stone sticks for a while after being applied and then falls off, the one who has been bitten is supposed to be safe from evil effects of the wound.

So far as is known, according to physicians, the first use of the madstone by white men was among the pioneers in the West.

In the south central states there is a tradition that the stone was given to Daniel Boone by a member of one of the tribes that formerly lived in Kentucky. The secret was told to the white man after he had saved the life of an Indian, so the story goes. Later on the Indian was executed by his tribal chief for betraying the secret.

It was public among the white men after that time, however, and one of the first things for any man to do before he started to move into the western wilderness was to obtain a madstone. Until the middle or last century that was fairly easy to do, for deer, from the stomachs of which the stone was most frequently obtained, were plentiful.

About 1850, however, the madstone became hard to obtain, and its value in the estimation of the settlers increased greatly. It reached the point where the people for miles around would contribute to a fund, buy one and then take turns at keeping it. For one madstone in the Panhandle of Texas a ranchman once gave twenty-five head of cattle and a new saddle.

The white man's faith in the efficacy of the madstone was as strong as the Indian's, so far as hydrophobia was concerned, but the settlers never absorbed the breadth of the aboriginal faith in it. The Indians believed the madstone to be a certain cure not only for the bite of a mad dog, but also for the bite of a snake or any other sort of poisonous animal.

In this, according to physicians, the Indians displayed more consistency than the whites, for if the madstone is good for one sort of an infectious wound, it is good for any.

Of the madstones in existence undoubtedly many are manufactured, for when the supply became small the enterprising American took the hunch and started a madstone factory. The genuine madstone is easy to duplicate, and it was a long time before it became known that some of the madstones in use were not the natural sort. Those who believe in the stones, of course are thoroughly convnced that no imitation stone can have good effect.

The demand for the stone has fallen off rapidly since 1882, in which year Pasteur discovered his preventive cure for rabies—miscalled hydrophobia. This cure often is administered uselessly, according to physicians, because of the popular belief that a mad dog should be killed as soon as it is seen.

Ready For Dinner.

In 1840, Captain Caldwell, with his company of forty men, was camped at San Pedro Springs, San Antonio. "Old Paint," as he was familiarly called, was known as a great Indian fighter, and one one morning he received a neatly written card which read:

> "Mrs. Blank requests the pleasure of your company at dinner to be given in your honor. Thursday, 6 o'clock p. m."

Imagine the lady's consternation when at the appointed hour, she beheld "Old Paint" and his command of forty hungry rangers ride into her yard and dismount, ready for dinner!

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BY J. MARVIN HUNTER

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Application will be made to enter Frontier Times in the Postoffice at Bandera, Texas, as second class mail matter

You have before you the first number of Frontier Times, a monthly magazine devoted to Frontier History. Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement. It shall be the object of this magazine from month to month, and from year to year, to place on record a continuous account of the daring deeds of the heroes of Texas, and in this we make no claims to originality of matter. We have gleaned from all authentic sources within our reach, interesting and important incidents which have transpired since the first appearance of the European in Texas to the conclusion of Indian wars on our frontiers in which our countrymen have borne a part. We shall endeavor to give these incidents in detail and in pleasing form, our aim being to produce a magazine of instruction, attractive and popular reading—to embalm in the memory of Texan youth the sacrifices, the patriotism, the heroism, the suffering and dangers of those to whom we owe the achievement and preservation of our freedom. We have had histories and histories of Texas—good, bad and indifferent—some of them written by able hands; but history deals with general facts—in great achievements and general results. Those lesser details—deeply interesting and thrilling in themselves—those personal adventures that go to make up the romance of war, are passed by, and only exist as so many fragments scattered through ephemereal works, without continuity or relation. It is the purpose of Frontier Times to give these form and shape, in connection with the important events which have transpired in the wars of Texas. That in which any people most glory is the martial achievements of their renowned heroes. It has been so from the beginning and will continue to be for aught we know to the end of time. Search history back to the remotest antiquity, and prominent upon its pages stands the records of great, startling military achievements. Texans, as well as all Americans, partake of this universal sentiment. To stimulate it, and to keep it alive in the hearts of our Texan youth will inspire a spirit of reverence and gratitude to their heroic fathers for the liberty which they have given them—for the free institutions which are the result of their daring. It is our object to perpetuate this sentiment of gratitude, to keep burning bright the fires upon the altar of patriotism; succeeding in this our ends will have been accomplished.

We will be glad to receive reminiscent sketches from old frontiersmen, and would urge that every old pioneer send in his recollections of the stirring times that tried their souls, and thus help to supply the missing links of frontier history. It may not be possible to publish your sketch in a current number of the Frontier Times but in due course of time it will appear. Write in your own style and give dates as accurately as possible, and if we find it neccessary we will cheerfully correct all grammatical errors. Send in your history.

The last type set by Warren G. Harding has been plated in gold and sent to Washington to be kept with other relics. He set the type in the composing room of the Fairbanks News-Miner. At that time he was presented with a gold make-up rule by printers of interior Alaska.

Trail Drivers' Reunion.

The Old Time Trail Drivers' Association will convene at the Gunter Hotel in San Antonio, October 4th and 5th. This date is that set for the Confederate Reunion, and although held at different halls, will afford an opportunity for pioneer cattlemen and the old Confederate veterans to get together after sessions and exchange reminiscenses. Many are likewise members of both organizations. George W. Saunders, president of the Old Time Trail Drivers Association, arranged the meeting with the above mentioned object in view, and states that in all probability the meeting this year will surpass all past conventions of the association. He is arranging a pleasing program for the entertainment of the members.

A 1972 GIFT IDEA

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